

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 18, 1957

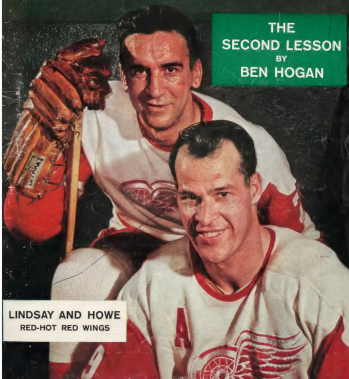
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BY
BEN HOGAN

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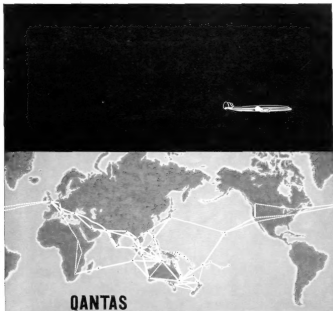
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COVER: TED LINDSAY AND GORDON HOWE
Photograph by Richard Mook

Advertisements on page 71

Detroit Red Wing Superstars Lindsay and Howe are rarely as still as they appear on this week's cover. More often pro hockey's top scorers are seen in a triceron of dazzling skating teamwork. For their story, told by Hockey Expert Marshall Dunn, see page 66.

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America's foremost road classic has a dramatic surprise in store. It will be unveiled in next week's preview by Kenneth Rudeen. With evocative pictures in color by Richard Mook and a closeup of the nation's leading driver, Carroll Shelby

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



HOBAN'S PATTERSON, 1966

THE CENTRAL FIGURE in the painting on the center pages of this issue was not an unfamiliar subject to Artist Russell Hoban when he painted the new world heavyweight champion after he defeated Archie Moore in Chicago last November.

For in 1963, Hoban, then a full-time TV art director, was spending all his spare time in boxing haunts like Stillman's Gym (Hoban illustrated A. J. Liebling's series, *The University*

of Eighth Avenue, SL, Dec. 5 and 12, '55); was taking boxing lessons at George Brown's Gym (where Hemingway used to train when in town); and was painting portraits of the most likely fighters he could get to pose for him.

One was up-and-coming Floyd Patterson. "If you'd asked me to design a prototype of a champion, it would have looked," says Hoban, "the way Patterson looked then—quick and lean, like a race horse."

The early portrait, which meets the intimately critical standards of Floyd's wife, his mother and his manager, now hangs proudly in the Patterson home in St. Albans, N.Y.

For a description of what Hoban saw when he painted his latest Patterson portrait, see page 36.

The reception everywhere for the Hungarian Olympic athletes and coaches during their nationwide Freedom Tour, now drawing to an end, has been a heart-warming one. Fulfilling one of its purposes, the tour has resulted in a generous number of specific and suggested opportunities for their employment and resettlement. Some members of the tour have already been able to accept the jobs or scholarships which will do the most to make them at home in their new homeland. For others the right place still remains to be found.

Most of them, of course, will not move into American life through their athletic skills but through their other talents, some of which I was able to indicate to you in a "scouting report" in our Jan. 14 issue. Many of you wrote me in response to that with suggestions and proposals which have notably aided the resettlement of these courageous Olympians. Until the last of them is settled, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will be glad to hear of other possibilities from its readers, who have already shown their interest in this cause in which the highest values in sport join the fight for freedom throughout the world.

Harry Phillips

JIMMY JEMAILS

HOTBOX

The Question:

Are you in accord with the Ivy League in its ban on spring football practice? (Answers by members of Sports Illustrated's Silver Anniversary All-Americans at the Touchdown Club Dinner in Washington, D.C.)



WILLIS M. TATE

*President
Southern Methodist
University*



No. Spring football doesn't do any harm. In fact, spring practice improves the caliber of football. We limit it to 28 days. No one can say that this is overemphasis. Athletes are going to engage in some spring activity. Why not football practice if they like it best?

one can say that this is overemphasis. Athletes are going to engage in some spring activity. Why not football practice if they like it best?

ROGER W. BLANCHARD

*Dean
Episcopalian Cathedral
Jacksonville, Fla.*



No, because I approve of full athletic scholarship. Spring football practice helps a boy. He learns the fine points of the game and is encouraged to keep in training for the regular football season in the fall. There's no doubt that this helps him play a better game and lessens the chance for injury.

In encouraged to keep in training for the regular football season in the fall. There's no doubt that this helps him play a better game and lessens the chance for injury.

DR. WILSON H. ELKINS

*President
University of Maryland*



No. I don't doubt the sincerity of the Ivy League. They think that spring practice puts too much emphasis on football. I disagree. Spring practice does no harm. The boys are going to engage in some sports activity. If they want to practice football, why stop there? It isn't compulsory.

agree. Spring practice does no harm. The boys are going to engage in some sports activity. If they want to practice football, why stop there? It isn't compulsory.

CHARLES C. TILLINGHAST JR.

*New York
Corporation lawyer*



Yes. Abolishing spring football practice has taken the emphasis off football and has encouraged other sports. Football players are a bit better rounded if they engage in other sports. They should be able to choose another sport and not be required to report for spring practice.

hit better rounded if they engage in other sports. They should be able to choose another sport and not be required to report for spring practice.

DOUGLAS MacARTHUR III

*U.S. Ambassador to
Japan*



Yes, I'm fully in accord with this ban. Football should be played for fun, because the players like it. But they are subject to a great pressure by their coaches. In college where there is spring practice, they must report. Abolishing this practice gives them the chance to enjoy other sports.

great pressure by their coaches. In college where there is spring practice, they must report. Abolishing this practice gives them the chance to enjoy other sports.

BRIG. GEN. EDWARD W. SUAREZ

*Vice-Commander
Central Air
Defense Force*



No. Football is tough. It takes a lot out of you. Top physical conditioning prevents injury. I believe in spring practice, but it shouldn't be as intensive as that of the regular season. It's good to see what ability the youngsters have, but spring training should not be compulsory.

shouldn't be as intensive as that of the regular season. It's good to see what ability the youngsters have, but spring training should not be compulsory.

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HOTBOX

continued

JAMES W. HAMPTON



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ERNEST L. MARGASO



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Housing development
and oil leases

No. Spring practice is a good winding-out period. It's a sort of preview for coaches. Furthermore, the players acquire a little more know-how, get into better shape and are less likely to be injured in the regular season. You must remember that it's a big step from high school to college football.

DR. EDWARD M. MINANT



New York
Orthopedic surgeon

I'm in favor of spring football practice only if a student does not participate in other athletic activities. It's good for physical conditioning and the teaching of fundamentals, but football should not be given preference. Overexhaustion results when there is a strong preference for football.

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FRED HANEY LIGHTS A FIRE

His Milwaukee Braves blew the National League pennant last year, but he has other plans for the coming season

by ROY TERRELL

THE 1956 National League season ran for 167 days. On 125 of those days anyone looking at the baseball standings in his morning newspaper would have had a minimum of difficulty in locating the Milwaukee Braves. They were on top. They so dominated the race that at one point, on July 26, they led second place Cincinnati by 5½ games and the poor old Brooklyn Dodgers by 6; as late as Labor Day the Braves were still 3½ games ahead.

Yet, on the one day which counted most, the Braves were second. In the standings on the morning of October 1 it was the Dodgers who had won the pennant. This, in itself, would not have been so remarkable (the final standings two of the three previous years had been the same) except that in 1955 the Milwaukee Braves had the better team. Why, then, did they lose the pennant? What was the matter with the Braves? And have they patched it up?

The easiest answer is that the Braves really didn't have the better ball club. Yet there is hardly a player or manager or club owner in the National League who will deny that the Braves had the best personnel. "If I'd had that team," says one rival manager who didn't, "I'd have won the pennant by 10 games." Says the manager of another: "The Braves should have won by 12." And one of the league's outstanding players, an alert young man with a future, just shakes his head and says, "I think they could have won by 15."

Why, then, didn't they?

There were three reasons, says Fred Haney, the one man who does happen to manage the Braves. "The failure to hit up to expectation all season long at four positions: catcher, second base, third base and left field. Weak fundamentals; our failure to do some of the simplest things right—lousy bunting, poor base running, throwing to the wrong base—lost a lot of games. And a hitting slump in September.

"Everybody has hitting slumps; ours just happened to come at the worst possible time. When we needed them the most, we weren't getting any runs."

Happstance, says General Manager John Quinn. "A little thing here, a little thing there. All those early rain-outs, which piled up the double-headers later on. That tie game stopped by rain in Milwaukee which we later lost in Pittsburgh. The two-day layoff in St. Louis before the final series of the year. That's a good example. The ball club looked great on Tuesday in Cincinnati; they took over and almost ran the Redlegs off the field. Then we go to St. Louis, sit around in hotel lobbies for two days with nothing to do and by Friday night we've lost the edge. Remember, if we had won just one more game all season long and the Dodgers had lost just one more—just one, we'd be the champions, and everyone would be asking what's wrong with the Dodgers. Little things," says John Quinn. "Just little things."



THE 56-YEAR-OLD MANAGER IS SPARING

Too much extracurricular activity, says Jackie Robinson. The Braves were out drinking when they should have been thinking. "A couple of key men on the club . . . did not take care of themselves down the stretch."

They choked under pressure, say ballplayers on opposing teams in the National League, and Robinson, again, was the one who said it first. "They're beginning to taste that pennant," he said when the Dodgers began to close the gap in August, "and they're beginning to choke on it."

Sheer stupidity, says a veteran Milwaukee writer who has watched the club since it came from Boston in 1953. The Braves are not a smart team; they pull bonehead plays on the bases, at bat and in the field.

Not hungry, says another. Because of the reception the team has had in Milwaukee, because of the vast crowds which day after day pour into County Stadium, the ball club is bulging with money—and it has been more than



NEITHER HIMSELF NOR HIS PLAYERS AS HE DRIVES THEM THROUGH SPRING TRAINING'S TOUGHEST CONDITIONING PROGRAM

generous in paying big salaries to young players who, on other clubs, might have had to work a little harder and wait a little longer to attain the same financial gains. The Braves have had it too easy.

Lack of experience, say some of the Braves, and then differ among themselves as to what this means. "Maybe we weren't serious enough," says Warren Spahn. "Some of the younger players seemed to feel that if we didn't win today, we'd win tomorrow." But Joe Adcock, also talking about inexperience, feels that the Braves wanted to win too much. "There's something about being in a tight pennant race for the first time that gets you," he says. "I guess you could say we tightened up. We were all trying too hard. None of us except Spahn—and I guess Rico and Thomson and Fazio—had been through it before."

Haney, chorus hundreds of Milwaukee Braves fans across the country. "The trouble was Haney. He hustled

too much, and he didn't fire up the team the way he should." And this, of course, brings up the question which looms in many minds as the biggest one of all: Were the Braves capable of being fired up by anyone—or anything? Deep inside, did they really want to win the pennant badly enough?

BELOW AVERAGE

Each of these questions or reasons for Milwaukee's 1956 failure contains at least a grain of truth. Haney, for example, has good grounds for complaint. The Braves did good, time and time again, on their execution of plays, but Haney, unlike the writer who feels a lack of intelligence was the prime factor, prefers to blame improper grounding in fundamentals before the season began. Certainly Del Crandall at catcher (.238), Danny O'Connell at second base (.239), Eddie Mathews at third (.272) and Bobby Thomson in left field (.235) hit far below their potential and far below their average of other years.

And, while it was almost universally accepted at the time that Milwaukee's collapse centered around the magnificent pitching staff which seemed to come apart all at once (with the notable exception of masterful old Warren Spahn), later inspection proved that Haney was right and this was not so. Lew Burdette and Bob Buhl, who won 37 games between them during the year, were still pitching good baseball at the bitter end and losing because they weren't getting any runs. It was, as Haney said, the hitting: Adcock, who had 38 home runs and was second in the league with 103 runs batted in, drove in only four of those in the last 15 games; Henry Aaron, the 23-year-old batting champion, drove in only two of his total of 92 in the last 11.

Little things happen to all ball clubs but, just as Quinn said, as unusually large number seemed to happen to the Braves. And there is little doubt, as Robinson charged, that some members

continued

FRED HANEY'S FIRE

continued

of the team were living it up a little. Certainly the Braves have been spoiled from the first by the most enthusiastic and appreciative audience in baseball. As for Haney's tactics and his managerial talent—or lack thereof, as charged—the Braves, with all that material, did lose the pennant.

And once again, if the Braves really did have to win, somewhere inside, it certainly didn't show. What, then, as the 1957 season approaches, do the Braves have in their favor?

For one thing, a very good baseball team, which is what all the other players and managers and officials were talking about in the first place. Outside of the Yankees, who play in another league and, at least until October, would appear to be the least of Milwaukee's worries, there isn't a better-looking squad in Florida.

The pitching staff, which was the best in baseball last year, now looks even better. It led the league with a combined earned run average of 3.11, gave up the fewest runs, the fewest home runs and pitched the most complete games. This year there is still the great Spahn, of whom Cincinnati manager Birdie Tebbetts said, "He has gained fame, prestige and money . . . I strongly recommend that he retire." There is Burdette, who is good enough to hold out for \$30,000, and Buhl, who beat the Dodgers eight times last year. There is an older, more experienced Cruse, a healthy Conley, two fine-looking rookies of '56, Taylor Phillips and Bob Trowbridge, and the good relievers, Lou Sleater, Ernie Johnson and Red Murff.

As if all that weren't enough, the Braves have a young man from Puerto Rico named Juan Cordova Pizarro and, when they have nothing else to do, they all like to stand around just to watch him throw. As a raw 18-year-old rookie, Pizarro won 23 games while losing only six for Jacksonville last year, struck out 318 while walking only 144 in 274 innings and had an earned run average of 1.57. "He could be just as great," says Bill Terry, the old Giant who now coaches the Sally League, "as Warren Spahn." And Rollie Hemley, who managed Charlotte last year and used to catch Bob Feller, says, "He's got it. He's the nearest thing to Feller I've ever seen."

Adcock, at first base, is one of the big hitters in baseball, and the odds are heavy that he will get even better. Johnny Logan is a superior shortstop

and, next to the Cubs' Ernie Banks, the best hitter at his position in the league. Mathews, in a bad year, still hit 37 homers and drove in 95 runs; no one has ever mistaken him for Pie Traynor at third base, but he has a good arm, can throw and the Braves do not ask that he get too fancy with his glove as long as he can swing that bat. And Milwaukee also has two-thirds of a very fine outfield in Aaron, destined to be one of the game's truly good hitters, and swift Billy Bruton.

During the winter the Braves had chances to make trades, chances to patch up their problems at second base and in left field. But, as John Quinn will tell you, there is a very good reason why they didn't. "We believe," he says, "that we have a team which, just like it is, can win the pennant. We

went to the winter meetings prepared to trade and, as a matter of policy, talked to every club in the National League. But in each case, we felt that the other team wanted too much; to get what we needed to strengthen one position, we would have had to weaken another. In our position—and it is a good one—that would have been asking for trouble."

But, despite their failure to make a trade, the Braves are unworried. They believe that the catching staff of Del Crandall (who can hit the long ball and some day is surely going to have that big year), Del Rice and Carl Sawatzki is as good as any in the league. They are pleased with the improvement O'Connell continues to show at second base ("It was an unfamiliar position, remember," says Quinn, "and if

A FIERCE COMPETITOR. 29-game winner Warren Spahn would be the logical field leader for the Braves were it not for his southpaw fondness for happy-go-lucky clowning.



you don't think he is better defensively, just ask Logan"). And they still hope he will hit to his .293 average in two years at Pittsburgh. As for Thomson, despite his anemic average he drove in 74 runs and hit 20 homers, and there are teams which have won pennants with less impressive statistics in left field than that. The Dodgers, to name one.

But, even beyond this, the Braves have some good young ballplayers from a farm system which won seven pennants last year and is responsible, either directly or through trades, for 34 of the 44 members on the 1957 spring training roster. Three fine young catchers, for example, named Sammy Taylor (.358 and 123 runs batted in at Topeka), Mike Bourke and Bob Roselli will probably all go back down because there is no room—and no need—for them at the moment. Felix Mantilla, who filled in brilliantly at shortstop for the big league club last year and hit .283, worked at second base last winter in the Puerto Rican League and is labeled "ready" if O'Connell should falter again. For left field there is a host of candidates: Wes Covington, a powerful left-handed slugger who hit .283 in 138 at-bats for the Braves last year and cleared up some of his defensive inadequacies with a season of winter ball during which he also led the league in home runs; Ev Jayner, a .344 hitter for Shreveport of the Texas League who throws better now than he once did; young Earl Hersh, a .307 hitter and the American Association All-Star left fielder for Wichita; and, of course, there is always old Andy Pafko, now 36, but for a few games just about as good as anyone around.

But what about the choke-up charges?

"Now that it's over and we lost," says Mathews, "I think last year might have been the best thing that could have happened to us. We learned a lot."

"Now that we've been through it," says Adcock, "I don't think we'll tighten up again. We know what to expect and we're ready to go on from there."

As for Haney's managerial ability, the standings from the day he relieved Charley Grimm until the end of the season tell an oft-overlooked tale. In that stretch of nearly four months Milwaukee played at a .439 pace, winning 63 games while losing only 40. The Braves reeled for the complete season, on the other hand, was .597, and that of the Dodgers .694. Haney used the sacrifice almost to the point of exas-

peration for sideline strategists, but he explains simply that with a team that has pitching like his a few runs will do and the best way to get them is sometimes with the bunt. It wasn't that the Braves bunted too much that hurt; it was that too often they failed to bunt effectively.

Now, with a new season just over the horizon, Fred Haney is making sure that nothing like this happens again. "You're going to hate my guts next spring," he told his players in the clubhouse in St. Louis the night the season ended, "but you'll love me when you see that World Series check in the fall." Haney has driven the Braves hard since the opening day of spring training—and they have worked hardest on fundamentals. They have, in fact, worked harder on everything than any team in Florida.

WORKING OVERTIME

Until the exhibition schedule opened last Saturday, the Braves worked from 10:30 each morning until sometimes as late as 4:30 in the afternoon. Last year, under Charley Grimm, they were sometimes on the field less than two hours. When other teams have taken a day off because of rain, the Braves have run through a downpour. They have practiced sliding—even the veterans—like a bunch of rookies. They have practiced such unheard-of things as starts, almost like a group of sprinters, because Haney feels that they sometimes failed, by half a stride, to beat out hits last season; they should have beaten out. They have worked endlessly at taking leads off bases and on rundowns and cutoff plays, and the pitchers have drilled over and over again at holding runners on base and fielding their positions. And, endlessly, Haney and his coaches have had them bunting. Finally, when they aren't doing something else they run. An error in an intrasquad game has been the signal for a shrill blast of the whistle and then *crisp* runs; even the players on the nonrunning team have to take a lap around the park with the rest.

"Well, Fred," someone asked Haney last week, "do they hate your guts?" "You know something," said Haney, "I haven't heard a word of complaint from anybody on this ball club. They may not love me, but they're taking it without squawking."

Whether they love him or not probably occupies little of Fred Haney's thoughts; it is enough that this is his team as last year's never was. He is convinced: "We will win the pennant if we play the type of ball we're capable

of and have the right frame of mind; desire."

Frank Lane, the voluble general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, agrees: "Jackie Robinson," he says, "did the Braves the biggest favor anyone ever did when he popped off last winter. I think he has them worked up to where they are determined to prove he was wrong."

Last year the Braves looked remarkably like a team that could win or lose without turning a hair. The ballplayers denied this, sometimes halfheartedly, and Haney pointed out that inside they really did care. "They want to win as bad as any team I ever saw," he said. "They are just unfortunate in not showing it." But the feeling still persisted that this was a team without spirit. The feeling survives even as the 1957 season approaches, and it will undoubtedly continue until the Braves themselves prove it to be untrue.

One explanation might be found in the fact that the Braves lack a driving, inspired leadership on the playing field, and everyone from the bat boy to John Quinn admits it. Spain could be the leader they need, for he is a great competitor who hates to lose with a deep and honest rage. But he controls his emotions and in the clubhouse Spain remains the clownish, happy-go-lucky left-hander who annoys more than he inspires. Johnny Logan plays baseball like a man possessed, and he too burns with the need for victory. But somewhere between shortstop and the dugout this spark deserts Johnny Logan, and he becomes the young and casual and easygoing club prankster. Crandall has tried but he is too serious; the Braves aren't sure they want anyone telling them to quit feeling around. Mathews' feelings belong to Mathews, and they are not for public show. And Adcock is not the type, nor is Thomson or any of the rest.

"You can't just go out and get a team leader," says Quinn, "or tell someone that he should be it. Leaders," he adds thoughtfully, "just have to happen."

But spirit, like everything else in baseball, has to be a team affair. It may not be necessary to have a Rowe and a Robinson, a McMillan and a Temple, a Dark and a Moon, to keep a club moving; maybe, just because each man in his own way is alive with the need to win, they can all blaze together. If the Braves of 1957 find a way to be so ignited—as the Braves of 1956 definitely were not—they should get their pennant. (U.S.A.)

IBC: GUILTY AS CHARGED

The courts have caught up with the boxing monopoly of James D. Norris, thus joining Sports Illustrated in its demand for more competition in and out of the ring

by MARTIN KANE

DIVORCEMENT, divestiture and dissolution, known to lawyers as the three D's, may be the fate of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president).

Because Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan found it guilty of conspiracy to monopolize championship boxing and of carrying out the conspiracy, the IBC now faces the special nightmare of the antitrust offender. Within the next month lawyers for the Government and for the IBC will draw up proposed decrees to put the decision into effect. There will be presented to Judge Ryan, who will prepare his own decree. His decree will redefine, it is expected, the financial and promotional face of boxing in the United States. What usually happens in such cases is that the Government proposes a decree demanding "drastic" relief. The defense usually suggests a much milder course.

The final decree may order the IBC to divorce the business of promoting fights from the business of operating such arenas as Madison Square Garden, Chicago Stadium and the Detroit Olympia. The defendants may have to divest themselves of one or more of these arenas or of their stock in one or more of the IBC affiliates. They may, indeed, have to dissolve the IBC.

The IBC's exclusive contracts with such boxing champions as Lightweight Joe Brown, Middleweight Gene Fullmer and Welterweight Carmen Basilio may be declared illegal.

The IBC is now likely to lose its tight control of boxing, which allowed it to guarantee 104 fights annually for sponsors of its twice-weekly television shows. These fights had to include a certain number of the vastly profitable championship bouts.

What happens to the IBC will depend on how big a part the court will

let it play in boxing. Jim Norris may well feel that the game isn't worth the candle any more. Without a caution to insure his profits, the most powerful impresario in the history of boxing may decide to throw in the towel. On such considerations will depend whether the defendants will appeal Judge Ryan's unusual decree. Such an appeal must be to the Supreme Court of the United States, not to the Court of Appeals. In every civil action under the Sherman and Clayton antitrust acts in which the United States is the plaintiff, an appeal from the final judgment must be only to the Supreme Court, which has lately rejected the corporate insolvency that pretends professional sport is not a business subject to the antitrust laws.

Judge Ryan needed 29 printed pages to cover the matter but it was, for all that, a concise statement. IBC's activities were never simple, except in intent, and Judge Ryan's opinion made them crystal clear.

The judge found:

"As a result of the control exercised by the defendants over their own arenas and the exclusive leases of other arenas and stadiums, all other promoters have been excluded from promoting championship boxing contests in said arenas and stadiums during the period June 1949 through May 15, 1963 [roughly the period covered in the complaint]

"The intent of the defendants and the necessary result of their activities . . . was to combine in order to obtain control of, and exclude others from, the promotion of championship boxing contests in the United States."

It was, the judge said, a conspiracy in violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act, participated in by the IBC, Madison Square Garden (of which Norris is

also president), Norris and Arthur M. Wirtz, his principal associate.

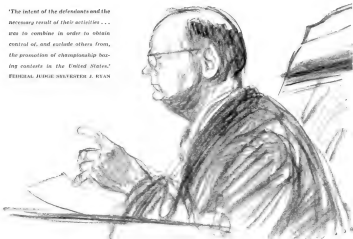
The conspiracy began in 1948, when Joe Louis was planning retirement as heavyweight champion. The late Harry Mendel, an oldtime press agent, had the original idea and explained until his death that he had never been adequately rewarded for it. He and Thomas K. Gilson Jr., who was Joe's adviser and is now secretary of the IBC, approached Norris and Wirtz with a scheme whereby Louis would use his prestige to sign the four leading heavyweight contenders to exclusive contracts for an elimination series to pick the next champion. Norris and Wirtz would stay temporarily in the background. Louis would resign as heavyweight champion and then assign the exclusive contracts to Norris and Wirtz. For this service to sport Joe was given \$150,000 outright, a salary of \$15,000 a year and stock in the Norris-Wirtz corporation, which came to be known as the IBC.

85% CONTROL

With the heavyweight championship exclusively in its possession, the IBC was able to make it a self-perpetuating ownership simply by insisting that challengers agree to defend exclusively for IBC if they won the championship. The prestige of the heavyweight championship enabled IBC to win similar exclusive contracts in most of the other divisions. Rival promoters who threatened even weakly to compete with the IBC were bought out, at first, but in time the IBC was powerful enough to crush competition at once. In time lesser promoters quit the field in droves.

"Of the 44 professional championship contests presented in the United States between June 16, 1949, the date of the first championship contest promoted by defendants, and May 15, 1963, the defendants promoted, or controlled the promotion of 36, or approximately 81%, of them," Judge Ryan found. With growing power they controlled 93% of the championship bouts presented between January 1951 and May 15, 1963. They controlled television, radio and movie rights, too. They owned or controlled the arenas

'The intent of the defendants and the necessary result of their activities . . . was to combine in order to obtain control of, and exclude others from, the promotion of championship boxing contests in the United States.'
FEDERAL JUDGE SEYMOUR J. RYAN



where championship fights could best be presented, with exclusive leases on Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds for outdoor shows. And, though Judge Ryan did not mention it, they set up "co-promoters" in cities they did not otherwise control.

The fact is that they just about controlled boxing below the championship level, too, though Judge Ryan's decision was solely concerned with championship boxing. Their two weekly network presentations killed off all but a handful of small clubs. Fight managers were forced to trundle to the IBC in order to get their hours on television.

What will happen to boxing now? Until Judge Ryan's eventual decree is entered no one can say. But some measure of competition will be restored to its promotion. Fights will still be televised on the major networks, so that there is no sound basis for hope that we will see a full resurgence of the small fight club, where boxers can earn as they learn. But some closed clubs will reopen. Co-promoters around the country are beginning to dream of a return to their old stands.

As, for instance, Sad Sam Silverman, the Boston promoter who told off the IBC and had to get out of town;

"Everybody in the fight game I've spoken to is pretty happy. It's very good for boxing. It'll make a lot of new promoters."

Fight managers were less outspoken. For a while, at least, they will still have to deal with the IBC. But one of them had a few anonymous words to say:

"It's the best thing in the world that could happen to boxing. Am I glad?"

NORRIS DISAPPOINTED

"No manager will say this, of course, because they're scared. We're all very, very, very happy but no one is going to say it."

Not even Jim Norris himself was saying very much in public. From somewhere in the Caribbean he reported through his New York office that "the court's decision was, of course, a disappointment to me."

"All I can say at this time," he went on, "is I hope we will not be prevented from continuing to present our Wednesday and Friday night fights, which

have proved such popular television and radio attractions."

"We already have contracted for the Gene Fullmer-Sugar Ray Robinson fight to be held in Chicago on May 1. After that we hope to continue with our summer plans. This will depend, however, on the terms of the decree which will be entered to carry out the court's decision."

One of the IBC's summer plans envisaged a heavyweight championship fight between Floyd Patterson and Hurricane Jackson to be held outdoors at either the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds. But Cas D'Amato, manager of Champion Patterson, has lately been renewing his old feud with the IBC and would not, one may assume, be averse to dickering with another promoter. Someone like, for instance, Al Weill, who was cast into outer darkness by the IBC as soon as he lost his grip on Rocky Marciano.

If the IBC is divested of its powers and divorced from its arenas, its prospect of promoting the next heavyweight championship fight may dissolve. In tears, of course. (E.H.D.)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

MICKEY AND THE MACHINE AGE • A LONG PROBLEM FOR BRAGG • DEMARET'S WEARING ON THE GREEN • A FRESH START FOR THE STRIPERS • DIM RED LIGHT ON FOOTBALL

PROGRESS REPORT

THE MISSOURI VALLEY Conference committee investigating rumors of fixes in basketball games refereed by John Fraser, which were first reported to the conference by Dr. Harry Corbin of the University of Wichita and the Rev. Paul Reinert, S.J., president of St. Louis University, met for five hours in St. Louis last week. There had been no indication that an inquiry was in progress until the rumors were printed in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in the March 4 issue, although in a news release after the meeting the committee said the investigation began on February 15.

The committee examined the files of one of the games (nine games were involved), interviewed Fraser and announced at the session's end that "it has not found any solid facts to substantiate reports by [*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*] that one of its referees was involved in a basketball fix."

The news release reported that Missouri Valley athletic directors, coaches and sportswriters had been asked for "leads and information" and that the same request had gone to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Coaches and officials had expressed confidence in Fraser's integrity, the news release said, but there was "concern" that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was not physically represented at the meeting.

Actually, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was represented by "leads and information" supplied the committee at the request of the Rev. Charles Sanderson, S.J., of St. Louis University, president of the conference. The committee's tentative conclusion would indicate that these leads have not been fully developed or else not properly evaluated. However, the committee says its inquiry will continue, as it certainly should.

BIZMAC AT BAT

BIZMAC, an electronic creation of the Radio Corporation of America, labors during the week solving problems in logistics on ordnance supplies at the Army Ordnance Tank-Automotive Command in Detroit. Weekends, apparently, Bizmac and its human directors share a human curiosity about the great American summer preoccupations, baseball. Recently, Bizmac digested some statistics on the batting-average ups and downs of several major league stars and, after two or three seconds' reflection, provided some feed-back forecasts for 1957. This qualifies Bizmac for membership in the Hot Stove League of America and indicates that mechanical computers can be, relatively, human. Bizmac based its guesses on the batting averages of the last five years and, presumably, did not consider Ted

Williams' propensity for spitting at fans or Mickey Mantle's sore knee. Remembering, then, that Bizmac is projecting from incomplete data, here are some figures to file away until the season ends:

	1957	1956
	(Bizmac est.)	(official)
Mantle	.342	.368
Ashburn	.328	.300
Williams	.322	.345
Kennon	.319	.332
Minnoso	.317	.316
Furillo	.314	.289

If we are to accept Bizmac's electronic estimation, age will wither Ted Williams 23 points and stale Mantle 11. On the other hand, Richie Ashburn and Carl Furillo, like old wine, will improve. If Bizmac comes through all right, you can expect a wider range of forecasts next year. If not, let's have

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Baseball Business

C. Leo DeGuey, newest member of the Washington Senators directorate, shocked other club owners with the pronouncement: "Baseball is a business—big business." To illustrate (inevitably) charges, DeGuey suggests: 1) a 16-team league with eastern and western divisions; 2) limits on farm club holdings; 3) an option clause for player contracts such as obtain in the entertainment world.

Post No Bets

Braving to the Post Office Department, California's Kentucky Derby Future Book this year will accept no bets by mail. But in case you're in California, there are the early odds: Bold Ruler and Barbaro 3 to 1, Gen. Duke 4 to 1, Iron Lies 6 to 1 and Federal Hill and Round Table 8 to 1.

Relay Milestone in Texas

The Texas Relays next month will break long precedent, accept Negro athletes. Several northern teams which once declined invitations will participate.

Centered Love Story

Czechoslovakia's press and radio have not been allowed to carry the news that the American hurdler thrower, Harold Connolly, has filed a foreigner's application to marry newly Olga Fikstova, Olympic discus champion (24, March 11). Determined earlier Connolly, whose Czech visa has expired, is now awaiting it out in Germany while Olga remains in Prague.



B. Wiseman

"I can't wait to catch them!"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

the Army start some pencil-work re-checks on those ordinance solutions.

LONG JOURNEY INTO HEIGHT

VILLANOVA UNIVERSITY'S Ng, black-haired and exceedingly competent pole vaulter, Don Bragg, experienced a certain understandable regret last week when he made his last appearance at Madison Square Garden. Bragg cleared 15 feet for the 19th time at the Knights of Columbus Games and heard the last of many bursts of wild applause. At the same time he could not avoid a vast sense of relief. In four years of traveling between Villanova and New York for winter meets, Bragg has endured logistical complications which would have daunted even a bull fiddle player or the mother of quadruplets, for a pole vaulter cannot hit the road with empty hands.

Bragg's particular pole—a Giltai Vaultmaster—has many things to recommend it. It is made of light alloy



steel, is stiff enough, as most poles are not, to support his 135 pounds and can be tastefully wrapped in a blue canvas case—the gift of his father—which bears the legend: "Don 'Tarzan' Bragg—15 feet 9 inches or Bust." It is, however, 16 feet 3 inches long—longer, one might say, than a giraffe's neck.

Every Thursday, if he is to vault at the Garden on Saturday, Bragg must telephone the stationmaster at the Pennsylvania Railroad's Villanova station and say, in effect: "I'm coming. Get ready." On Friday he must carry the pole up 29 steps from the basement of the athletic field house and walk it a quarter mile to the station and get it aboard the Paoli local for Philadelphia. This is a relatively simple operation—by walking to the back of the train he can push it through the door in the end of the last car and lay it in the aisle, although he must watch it henceforth like a hawk to keep other commuters from stepping on it.

At Philadelphia's 30th Street station, however, things get more complicated. Early in his career Bragg tried to argue a pole through the vestibule of a Pullman car in Philadelphia; one end tilted up, came in contact with the pantograph of the electric locomotive

and caused an alarming, lightninglike flash. Bragg escaped being fried on the spot, apparently because of the canvas case, but the high voltage current melted one end of the pole like wax. The railroad instantly set up a loading procedure calculated to keep the vaulter intact.

Bragg's appearance, with pole, at Philadelphia now causes a wondrous turmoil. The locomotive of the train he is to ride is uncoupled and moved down the track out of harm's way, and current in the overhead wires is shut off before he is allowed to get his gear aboard; the same signaller goes on at Pennsylvania Station in New York before he can get off. After that, he faces the problem of getting the pole 13 long blocks uptown to the Paramount Hotel. During his first three years, by pleading and cajoling, he was usually able to find a cab driver who would glumly consent to let him lean out the window and clutch the pole to the side of the taxi. This year, however, cab drivers will have no part of him. The pole must be carried on to its destination through thousands of goggling pedestrians.

This chore Bragg has finally managed to place upon other shoulders. For four years he has had to endure the hard fact that sprinters, hurdlers, weight men and broad jumpers have no sympathy at all for a man with a pole. But Villanova now has a promising freshman vaulter named Ron Brady, a fellow who not only understands Bragg's problems but appreciates his instruction and example. Bragg has grandly turned the pole carrying over to him. Even so, Bragg worries as he rides uptown in New York. He is certain that Brady will not stop in a bar, or leave the pole in a book shop, or tie a red flag on the end of it and slip it into a passing truck. But even a fellow vaulter might fall prey to amnesia, or get nudged by seamps in the employ of a scrap-metal combine. With the KC meet ended last week, Bragg still looked a little remote and preoccupied; he had to get back to Villanova one more time.

A SLIGHT FADE

JAMES NEWTON DEMARET, the affable eyegore of the professional golfing brigade, has forsaken the chaireuse, beret and fuchsia tugs with which he has stamped his trademark on the nation's golf courses for nearly two decades—a piece of sartorial news that could be rivaled only by an announcement that the Army was giving up

khaki. "Everybody is coming out in wild colors," Jimmy explained to an astonished reporter the other day. "It isn't distinctive any more."

So the 46-year-old Demaret, who started on the pro circuit two years before Ben Hogan and now ranks as its undisputed dean, finished the Baton Rouge Open wearing nothing louder than a charcoal gray sports shirt and brown slacks. What caught the eye of the crowd was not his garments but his score: a tournament-winning 278. And this was no one-day flash-in-the-pan. Jimmy has been playing some of the steadiest golf of the tour—and of his career—ever since the pros hit Palm Springs in January—all due to a discovery by this blithe-spirited graybeard that tournament golf can be fun.

"I tried something new," Jimmy says. "No, I'm not talking about vitamins. I mean with my game. I've been playing golf for 46 years, and, in an average 18-hole round, I used to hit about 10 solid shots—I mean dead solid on the club. I hadn't played in a tournament since September, so I got to Palm Springs early and started experimenting with my grip. I moved my right hand under and my left hand over. I felt for the first time that I really enjoyed playing golf, because I got such a kick out of hitting the ball solid."

"I enjoyed the tournaments at Palm Springs, Phoenix and San Antonio more than any I've ever played in."

Demaret squinted into the sun, searching a moment for further reasons for this success. "You play your best golf after you reach 30," he went on. "Golf is played on 150 acres under all conditions and types of life. It takes a long time, for instance, to learn to play in clover, to handle wet lies, to allow for windy conditions, and you seem to learn a new shot every time you go out. Here's Hogan with the greatest game of them all, and even now he practices three or four hours a day. Young players on the tour have to learn. Nobody can tell you how to play out of clover; you have to learn."

Despite Hogan, Demaret thinks the practice tee can sometimes be a hand-cup to a young player if he fails to use it properly. "You play enough every day to keep your game sharp," he says of the teeing pros. "We have 45 tournaments, and that's enough for anyone. You can wear yourself out physically as well as mentally on the practice tee." In the same vein, Jimmy frowns on the overearnest attitude of younger pros. "The kids today are too serious."

continued on page 25

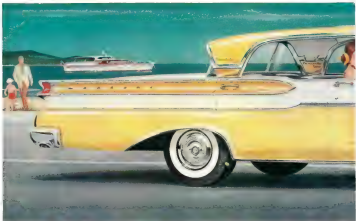


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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 23

he says. "They could learn a lot from Mike Sourbak and Al Bessellik. Those fellows take the game with a carefree attitude. After a bad round they don't let themselves get down. They know that the next time they'll do better. Sourbak hits the ball as solidly as anyone in the game today. But he hasn't yet learned the finesse shots. That boy is going to be great when he does learn them. Give him three or four years on the tour and he'll be tough to beat because he learns so fast."

Demaret skipped the Pensacola Open last week, will play only in the St. Petersburg Open before he begins testing for the Masters. "The Masters is a green giant," three-time winner Demaret says. "I want to be ready for it." Playing in only the tournaments he cares to this winter, he has still managed to be among the leading money winners on the Southern circuit. Not bad for an old man in a drab new setup.

CLUB FOR BATHING

CONTINUING the most frustrated golfer of the week was S. D. Cochran, a septuagenarian competing in the annual Trans-Mississippi Seniors Tournament at Las Vegas, Nevada. Cochran, after trundling happily for 15 holes at his normal 14-handicap pace, hit his tee shot into the water on the 150-yard 16th. Then he hit 11 more tee shots into the water, finally got on the edge of the green and three-putted for a 28. He finished the round, threw away his score card with the record 28 on it, hit out for Palm Springs and probably hasn't touched a club since.

INLAND STRIPERS

THE STRIPED BASS, a large, elusive and hardy game fish which inhabits the salt waters of the ocean, has lived happily in his natural habitat for a long time, disturbed only by larger, hungry fish and by the usually ineffective efforts of man to snag him via surf casting (SI, Aug. 27-Sept. 3). Not long ago a few stripers were swept inland on the crest of a neap tide and found themselves stranded in the freshwater Buteo-Cooper reservoir system of South Carolina. Surprisingly, instead of giving up the fishy ghost, the stripers survived and, indeed, produced little stripers. It was not long before they began to crowd the indigenous largemouth bass in the reservoir.

Now the stripers, which learned evasive tactics at sea when confronted by surf casters, may have to learn new tactics to avoid the lures of inland fishermen. Nelson Cox, the game and fish commissioner of the state of Arkansas, borrowed a batch of stripers from South Carolina to stock Lake Ouachita, and the stripers took to this second new environment like fish to water—fresh water. All indications are that striped bass fishing will be a big sport in Arkansas in four or five years.

VIEW FROM THE VOLGA

PRO FOOTBALL is now engaged in self-examination following the decision of the U.S. Supreme Court that, unlike baseball, it is a business. It may interest Bert Bell and the rest of the National Football League to learn that their game (that is to say, business) has recently been the subject of critical examination in the Russian press as well. Here, for the information of Mr. Bell and other Americans, is the way the Soviet magazine *Physkultura i Sport* interprets the game under a blurry photograph of a Lions-Cardinals pileup.

"On the gaily colored page of an American sports magazine are represented certain unusual objects: metal helmets which are stuffed with soft pillows, hard composite breast plates covered with squeaky leather and unusually large shoulder pads. What could they be? Are they outfits for travelers from outer space or models for the newest orthopedic appliances? No. Neither one nor the other. This is the sportive garb of American football players. And they

become invalids sooner because of this.

"In the middle of the field, which reminds one of the shape of a football, are crouching two men, clad in helmets and hard armor of threatening proportions. One of them holds in his hands a ball shaped like an egg. The judge's whistle sounds. The player holding the ball throws it with force between the legs of one of his partners. At the same second, on this very spot, a melee occurs. In the same heap there are, at that moment, nearly half of the players of both teams. Suddenly, from underneath the mountain of bodies there appears a man with the ball in his hands. He jumps up and immediately falls down again, having been caught by the leg by one of his opponents. The football player frees himself with difficulty from this grip and fiercely throws himself forward. But he is hardly allowed to make a few jumps. Someone from the opposing team grabs him by the neck and they both fall down, and over the ball that has slipped out of his hands there rises another mountain of players. The battle flares. Are you waiting for the judge's whistle? In vain. This is all perfectly legal according to the rules of American football. What is more, it is permitted to attack a player without the ball and to seize him by the hands or by the collar of his neck, to beat him on the head and to trip him. All this, plus a rather brisk tempo, makes the game an exceedingly sharp and original sight which attracts a great number of spectators and masochists.

"There are 13 players to each team. Many see in this particular number the reason for so many misfortunes that befall the players during the match. The fact of the most surprising combinations and legal holds often brings a heavy trauma on the players. That, plus the high tempo of the game, allows each player to remain on the field no more than four or five minutes—after that comes the substitution. And by the way, not every player has the luck to remain on the field for even these precious minutes. If he is caught yawning or making the slightest mistake, the unfortunate player is immediately removed from the field. In articles dealing with football one often reads: 'After the judge's last whistle, there remained in the field considerably less than half of the players. The rest could only observe the game from afar, being all on stretchers.'"

No help from *Physkultura* on some of the NFL's currently pressing problems. But, then, no claim either that the Russians invented Bert's game.



JOURNEY'S END

The yachtsman's tender where he sits,
The pole is great, one sees.
All day he brazenly held his stern
Against a spanking breeze

—RICHARD ARONSON

STANCE and POSTURE

by BEN HOGAN

with HERBERT WARREN WIND and drawings by ANTHONY RAVIELLI

ONE of the great fascinations of golf is the instinctive feeling a player gets soon after he has taken the game up that there is an explanation for everything that takes place, that the seeming mystery of how to hit the ball well and hit it well regularly is not mysterious at all, that it is possible to arrive at answers that will be as clear-cut and irrefutable as the solution the master detective unfolds in the last chapter of a mystery novel. All of us, quite like detectives, set off on our own separate paths. We develop a clue here, put it to the test to see if it holds up, develop another lead there, test this lead in turn to see if it will hold up, and so on and on. It is not an easy job. Today's brilliant deduction all too often folds under deeper examination and becomes tomorrow's dead end. And more than that, with no trouble at all you can get off on the wrong track, increase your error by studiously taking the wrong turn at another crucial fork in the road, and before you know it you are lost in a labyrinth of your own making. Perhaps the only true mystery to golf is the essential magnetism the game possesses which makes so many of us, regardless of discouragement, never quite turn in our trench coats and magnifying glasses and stop our search for the answers.

Golf also seems to bring out the scientist in a person. He soon discovers that unless he goes about observing and testing with an orderly method, he is simply complicating his problems. In this general connection, I found out that it helped me immensely to bring along a notebook and pencil to the practice tee and to write down after each session just what it was I had been working on, exactly how it was coming, and precisely where it was that I should resume my testing the next time I went out to practice. I will probably keep on studying golf all my life, but I honestly feel that I have now acquired a sound understanding of the game that will be of real value to all golfers. How I wish I knew what I know today when I was a youngster just starting out!

As I said in the first article of this series, no one can play good golf unless he has a correct, powerful, repeating swing. A man or woman of average coordination can build such a swing if he or she goes about it sensibly. It really

boils down to learning and practicing a few fundamentals until performing them becomes almost as instinctive as walking. There are not so many things to learn as you might think, for the swing we are teaching has been stripped down to the authentic essentials. The only "technical" thing about this swing is the explanation. There is a definite purpose behind every movement.

The first of these inclusive fundamentals is, of course, the grip, which we discussed last week. The second is the stance and the posture. Many golfers make the subtle error of thinking of the stance as that preparatory part of the swing in which the player merely lines himself up on the target he's shooting at. While one of the purposes of the stance certainly is to set up the direction of the shot, it also has quite a number of other functions that are much more important. Power and control must be combined in a good golf swing, and the stance is that step in which a golfer sets himself up so that 1) his body will be in balance throughout the swing, 2) his muscles are ready to perform fluidly and, 3) as a logical result, all the energy he pours into his swing will be channeled to produce maximum control and power. When you see a fine player making little individual movements of his feet or his knees or his shoulders as he settles into his stance, do not mistake them for empty gestures of nervousness. And they're not movements, either, that precede his arriving at a static, fixed position. What he's actually trying to do is to feel that everything he will be calling on in his swing is in balance and poised for action.

When a golfer steps up to his ball to play a shot—mind you, he already has his grip on the club and from the moment he took the club from his bag he should be getting the feel of the weight—he first aligns the face of his club with his target. Then, aligning himself with the face of the club, he shuffles into position for the upcoming shot. The adjustment of the feet, the legs, the body, the arms and hands—all these are done simultaneously, interdependently. However, for the purposes of instruction, we will take them up one at a time, and we will start with the feet.

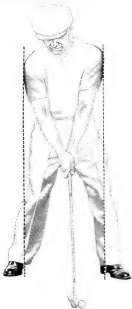
continued on page 28



The proper stance and posture enable a golfer to be perfectly balanced and poised throughout the swing. Only then will his legs, arms, and body be able to carry out their interrelated assignments correctly.

BEN HOGAN *continued*

To begin with, how far apart should the feet be? The soundest rule, since it applies for people of nearly all builds, is that **THE FEET SHOULD BE SET APART THE WIDTH OF THE SHOULDERS WHEN YOU ARE PLAYING A STANDARD FIVE-IRON SHOT.** THEY ARE SET SOMEWHAT CLOSER TOGETHER WHEN YOU PLAY THE MORE LOFTED CLUBS, SOMEWHAT WIDER THAN THE WIDTH OF THE SHOULDERS WHEN YOU PLAY THE LONG IRONS AND THE WOODS. Spreading the feet too far apart is somewhat self-defeating. By over-extending your legs, you may lock them at joints that must remain supple. I do want to bring out, however, that most golfers take too narrow a stance. I advocate a stance that is fairly wide because it gives you a firmer foundation for traction and balance, and it permits the shoulders to be unbraced and to operate more freely than a narrow stance does.



The feet should be set apart the width of the shoulders when the golfer prepares to play a standard five-iron shot.

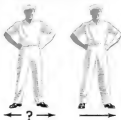
Some tournament-caliber golfers, as you may have noticed, choose to stand with the toes of both feet pointed out. It has always struck me that these players succeed in spite of the placement of their feet, for I have been convinced since my early days in golf that **THERE IS ONE CORRECT BASIC STANCE: THE RIGHT FOOT IS AT A RIGHT ANGLE TO THE LINE OF FLIGHT AND THE LEFT FOOT IS TURNED OUT A QUARTER OF A TURN TO THE LEFT.**



The term *a quarter of a turn* may be confusing, and I had better explain that what I have in mind is that placing your left foot so that the toe would be pointing right at the target would amount to a full 90-degree turn from a position perpendicular to the line of flight. In other words, a quarter of a turn signifies a quarter of that 90-degree angle, or about 22 degrees to the left of perpendicular.



When a player employs this stance, his body will be in a much better position when the club is coming into the ball on the downswing to go in the direction in which his left foot is going. As a matter of fact, you can tell just from looking at a good golfer's stance exactly where he is aiming to hit his shot. Most pros even tend to list their bodies a little toward the target at address. On the other hand, a golfer who stands with both feet turned out makes you wonder to yourself, "Is this fellow going to hit the ball right-handed or left-handed?" His stance gives you no clue in which direction he's going.



Obedying the basic stance accomplishes several very important things, the full value of which will become clearer and clearer as this series progresses. FIRST, IT MAKES IT APPRECIABLY EASIER FOR THE GOLFER. AS HE GOES INTO HIS BACKSWING, TO FEEL AND CONTROL THE MUSCLES THAT SHOULD INITIATE THE SWING. SECOND, THE CORRECT STANCE ACTS AS A PERFECT AUTOMATIC GOVERNOR ON THE AMOUNT OF HIP TURN THE GOLFER CAN TAKE (AND SHOULD TAKE) ON THE BACKSWING. It allows the hips to be rotated as far around as is advisable, but it prevents them from being rotated too far around. Now, if the player stands with his left foot squared (or perpendicular) and not turned out as it should be, when the hips are turned—since they start at a point nearer to the right and rear—they will turn well beyond the point of maximum desirable rotation. If a player's right foot is turned out instead of squared, this also allows his hips to turn further around than is advisable.



The incorrect positioning of the right foot can lead to many serious errors, including dipping the left knee, sweeping the



right leg out to the right, turning the hips excessively, and making a forced, incorrect shoulder turn as left arm breaks

Here are some check points to use when you are practicing your hip turn: When you start from the correct basic stance and complete a full hip turn, your belt buckle should point toward the toe of your squared right foot. However, when you start from the faulty stances we've described above, your hip turn will carry you well past this check point and your belt buckle will be pointing in almost the exact opposite direction from your target.

Third, the stance also affects the downswing, a very great deal. By standing with his right foot pointed out, for example, a player definitely makes it much harder for himself to bring the club swiftly and smoothly into the ball and through it. He has obstructed his own passage forward. He has to go on a detour out and around his right hip to get past it. He also makes things hard for himself in a different way if he stands with his left foot squared and not turned out that vital quarter of a turn. I know that if I stand with my left foot squared, my left leg and my whole body feel uncomfortably restricted when I'm hitting through the ball. Instead of everything moving cohesively and freely toward my target, everything is grinding under strain. IF YOUR LEFT FOOT IS CORRECTLY POSITIONED, ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU CAN GO THROUGH THE BALL WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT. YOU CAN RELEASE THE WHOLE WORKS. THERE ISN'T AN OUNCE

OF ENERGY THAT ISN'T IMPARTED TO THE BALL.

The fact that an apparently insignificant detail like the position of the left foot can affect your entire swing for better or for worse is an intrinsic part of golf. The explanation is, of course, anatomical—not that we will pursue this at all deeply. In any event, certain muscles of the body connect with certain other muscles. When you use one muscle in a certain chain, you also activate the others that are connected with it. There are some sets of muscles that should be active in the golf swing, and there are some other sets of muscles that have no real business in the swing. For example, when a golfer overturns his hips going back, then, since he cannot move forward by the proper means—using the hips themselves—he has to call on incorrect sources of power, like his right shoulder, to get some force into his shot. When he brings these incorrect forces into his swing, his coordination breaks down, for by using wrong muscles he necessarily curtails the correct functioning of the correct muscles. That is why it is so important to develop the right habits, proper muscle memory. The way the parts of the body function in the golf swing is, in fact, not unlike a Western movie with heroes and villains: if you set it up so that the good guys take over, the bad guys can't.

continued

Turning now to the arms. During the swing, one of the two arms is always straight—that is, fully extended. There's a very good reason for this. IN ORDER FOR THE CLUB TO TRAVEL ITS MAXIMUM ARC, ONE ARM MUST BE EXTENDED AT ALL TIMES. If a player bends his left elbow on the backswing or breaks his right elbow on the follow-through, he shortens his arc appreciably. And if he swings with a shorter arc, he gives himself a shorter distance in which he can accelerate the speed with which his club is traveling. (The greater the speed of the club, of course, the greater the distance he will hit the ball.) It's like accelerating an automobile. If you accelerate an automobile over a distance of, say, two blocks, can you get it up to anywhere like the speed you'd obtain if you accelerated it for a distance of five blocks? Moreover, if one of the player's two arms is always extended, his arc will be uniform. This gives him a far better chance of building a repeating swing than a player who bends his arms a little differently on each swing and whose coordination is bound to vary as his arc varies.

The left arm, straight at address, remains straight throughout the backswing while the right folds in at the elbow. On the downswing, the left continues to be fully extended and the right gradually straightens out. A foot or so past the ball, the point in the swing when the clubhead is traveling at its peak speed, both arms are fully extended for the one and only time during the swing. After this point is reached, the left arm folds in at the elbow and the right remains straight to the end of the follow-through. (This is sort of the reverse of the backswing, when the right arm folds in and the left remains straight.) All during the swing, until it begins to fold at that point beyond impact, the left arm ideally should operate as if it were an extension of the shaft. Naturally, there must be some suppleness, some break in your left wrist. After all, it is a hinge. In general, then, though the left arm should be straight, this doesn't mean that it should be locked at the wrist or elbow or be any place as stiff as the arm of a robot. No, this is a very pleasant game, and unnatural straining isn't at all necessary, or desirable.

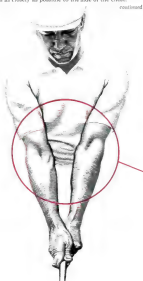


In the golf swing, the arms, in effect, act as the connection between the club and the body. The closer you keep your two arms together, the better they will operate as one unit, and when they operate as one unit, they tend to pull all of the elements of the swing together.

The upper part of the arms should be pressed very tightly against the sides of the chest. In my own case, I consciously work to build up so strong an adhesion between the upper arms and the chest that a person would have to exert a really terrific amount of

force to wedge them apart. THE ELBOWS SHOULD BE TUCKED IN, NOT STUCK OUT FROM THE BODY. AT ADDRESS, THE LEFT ELBOW SHOULD POINT DIRECTLY AT THE LEFT HIPBONE AND THE RIGHT ELBOW SHOULD POINT DIRECTLY AT THE RIGHT HIPBONE. FURTHERMORE, THERE SHOULD BE A SENSE OF FIXED JOINTNESS BETWEEN THE TWO FOREARMS AND THE WRISTS, AND IT SHOULD BE MAINTAINED THROUGHOUT THE SWING.

A word of emphasis about the elbows. You want to press them so closely together as you can. When you do this (and the elbows are pointing properly to the hipbones) you will notice that the "pocket" of each elbow—the small depression on the inside of the joint—will lie in the center of the arm, at the midway point. The pockets will be facing toward the sky, as they should, not toward each other. It's a good check. In this position of address, though the left arm hangs relatively straight, the right arm should be broken a little at the elbow as the elbow points in. On the backswing this right elbow must not fly out, and only if it is correctly positioned at address will it be able to fold in close to the body. During the first half of the backswing, the right elbow should move hardly at all. It mustn't slide out laterally or slip back along the right side. As it folds close to the body, the elbow should always be pointing toward the ground. It helps, you will find, if the upper part of the right arm adheres as closely as possible to the side of the chest.





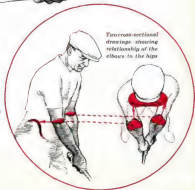
At address, left elbow points directly to the left hipbone



At address, the right elbow points directly to right hipbone. The elbow can then fold in correctly on the backswing



Keep the elbows and arms as close together as possible throughout the entire swing



Two cross-sectional drawings showing relationship of the elbows to the hips

BEN HOGAN *continued*

When your arms are set right at address, it makes it immeasurably easier to get the proper function out of the arms. With practice, they will act the same way on swing after swing, with no variation, repeating the same action almost like a machine. As your arms become schooled, you will get the feeling that the arms and the club form one firm unit—sort of as if the two arms were equal sides of a triangle, with the club emerging like the spire of a steeple at the peak point where the arms join. As you practice, your arms will recognize with increasing certainty when they are on the right track as they swing back and then forward. "This swing," you will feel more and more surely, "is bound to go away from the ball and come back through the ball very nearly the same way every time." And it will.

Now, before we go into the final phase of stance and posture—how a golfer's legs and his body in general should be flexed as he positions himself over the ball—is perhaps the right time and place to interject a brief comment on that greatly overworked and abused word *relaxation*. I would guess that it is harder to achieve proper relaxation in golf than in any other sport. Simply being in motion helps an athlete tremendously to relax. The average golfer's understandable anxiety about whether or not he's going to be able to perform his swing correctly from his next static start is the chief reason he worries his way around the golf course.

There are several ways, all of them connected with understanding what the swing is really about, through which a golfer can help himself to lick this problem. Right off the reel, it will help him if he realizes that pure relaxation is something he can't attain and shouldn't want to. There is nothing wrong with a person if he feels a bit keyed up when he goes out to play golf. He should. It is natural. He's going to be doing something that takes some concentration and effort, so he shouldn't expect to feel as free from tension as if he were loafing at home in the evening watching a TV show. No top-notch competitive golfer I have known was, or is, totally relaxed. Each of them feels the pressure of tournament play. Being of different temperaments, they feel it somewhat differently and they absorb it, expressing it or not expressing it, in their individual ways, depending on whether they are Jones or Nelson or Demaret or Midgloff or Snead or Sarason or Armour.

There is, however, another type of relaxation—you might call it *active relaxation* as distinct from passive relaxation. Regardless of how nervously taxed a player may be under the strain of competition, all fine competitive golfers, as they prepare to play a shot and actually play it, manage to be actively relaxed, to be neither limp nor tense but to have live tension in the parts of the body that will be doing the work. They tune up the muscles they will be using, the way a musician tunes up his instrument. The fact that there is something to do, rather than something not to do, is what is so helpful.

The average player, no different from the tournament player, can learn to prepare himself for his shot by positioning himself so that his muscular system is all set to work correctly. ABOVE ALL, HIS KNEES MUST BE PROPERLY FLEXED. THE LEGS MUST BE SUPPLE BUT AT THE SAME TIME THEY MUST HAVE THIS LIVE TENSION. The rest of the body will pick up this athletic temper from the legs. When his knees are flexed as they should be, a player can move his hips and shoulders with a real sense of ease. All the movements, in fact, be-





The sit-down motion is like lowering yourself (about two inches) onto a spring-like stick.

Numerous average golfers fail to realize that an incorrect stance and faulty posture greatly affect the success of the entire swing. The golfer is off balance from the start if he keeps his legs stiff, or lets his knees buckle, or crouches his shoulders over the ball.



When he assumes the "semi-sitting position," the upper part of player's trunk remains relatively erect as he bends at the knees. The knees point in

come easier and more integrated. This is why you hear fine golfers so often remark that the days they play their best golf are invariably those days when their legs are really ready and eager for action.

Assuming the proper posture as he addresses the ball is a purposeful movement in which a player lowers his body from its normal erect position into a sturdier and more balanced position for executing the golf swing. Do not use your hips as you bend your knees. YOU SHOULD BEND YOUR KNEES FROM THE THIGHS DOWN. AS YOUR KNEES BEND, THE UPPER PART OF THE TRUNK REMAINS NORMALLY ERECT, JUST AS IT DOES WHEN YOU SIT DOWN IN A CHAIR. IN GOLF, THE SIT-DOWN MOTION IS MORE LIKE LOWERING YOURSELF ONTO A SPECTATOR-SPORTS-STICK. THINK OF THE SEAT OF THE STICK AS BEING ABOUT TWO INCHES OR SO BELOW YOUR BUTTOCKS. In this semi-sitting position, your body should feel in balance both laterally and back-to-front. You should feel a sense of heaviness in your buttocks. There should be more tension in your legs from the knees down—the lower part of your legs should feel very springy and strong, loaded with elastic energy. Your weight should be a bit more on the heels than on the balls of your feet, so that, if you wanted to, you would be able to lift your toes inside your shoes. The back, let me repeat, remains as naturally erect as it is when you're walking down a fairway. Do not crouch the shoulders over the ball. You bend your head down only by bending your neck, not your back or shoulders.

When you practice this semi-sitting position, have a golf club in your hands and go about it exactly as if you were getting ready to play a shot. When you are standing erect before the ball, you will find that, with your arms normally extended, the head of the club will be raised about four inches above the ball. As you lower yourself into the semi-sitting position—your upper trunk should feel like it's an elevator dropping down a floor—the club-head descends as your trunk descends. When you have completed the semi-squat, the clubhead should be an inch or two above the ball. Then, with a little motion, the hands set the clubhead behind the ball.

A word further about the knees. During the golf swing, the knees work "toward each other." Since they do, let's start them that way to begin with, each knee pointing in. In my opinion, this is a very valuable short cut, for then you have to move the knees only a very small amount as you swing, and you can concentrate your attention on other movements.

The right knee should be broken a shade more in to the left, if anything, than the left knee is to the right. If the right knee is pointed in, then it's "in business" all the time. It helps brace the right leg on the backswing, and the right leg must be sturdily braced to prevent the golfer from swaying his body laterally to the right as he swings the club back. For another thing, the right knee will then be in the correct position for the downswing when the power of the right hip and leg is released toward the target. If the golfer's right knee is pointed straight ahead or out to begin with, he can bring it in with a separate action on the downswing, of course, but he is making the knee do double work, and there's no sense in that. As for the left knee, having it pointed in just a bit at address is the best insurance in the world for developing proper left-leg action on both the backswing and downswing.

continued

BEN HOGAN *realized*

To sum things up generally, then, when you have a correct stance and correct posture, then and only then will your legs, arms and body be properly balanced and positioned to carry out their assignments during the swing. Then and only then will you be able to feel live tension in those arm and leg muscles which must function actively during the swing. **NOTE THIS WELL: THE MUSCLES TO WORK WITH ARE THE "INSIDE MUSCLES" — THE MUSCLES THAT STRETCH ALONG THE INSIDE OF THE LEGS AND THIGHS, THE MUSCLES ALONG THE INSIDE OF THE ARMS.**

Head bent comfortably...

Left arm fully extended...

Right arm slightly bent...

*Left elbow points to left hipbone...
right elbow points to right hipbone...*

Arms as close together as possible...

Knees pointed in...

Right foot perpendicular to line.

Left foot pointed out $\frac{1}{4}$ turn.

Large anatomical drawing and the smaller diagram sketch emphasize important inside muscles the golfer should use





In looking back over this chapter, I can appreciate that it may make acquiring a sound, dependable golf swing seem a slow and painstaking proposition. That isn't exactly true. You can learn these essential positions and movements a lot quicker than you think, provided you get started right. At the same time, some patience is required. You simply cannot bypass the fundamentals in golf any more than you can sit down at the piano without a lesson and rip off the score of *My Fair Lady*. Learning the grip and stance and posture clearly and well in, in a way, like having to practice the scales when you're taking up the piano. In fact, the more I think about it, the best way to learn golf is a great deal like learning to play the piano: you practice a few things daily, you arrive at a solid foundation, and then you go on to practice a few more advanced things daily, continually increasing your skill.

Practice at home can be made more pleasant—and at least as profitable—if you do it along with a fellow golfer, your wife or son or daughter or golfing friend. Then each of you can take turns checking how well the other is doing and helping him to correct his errors. Teaching, you know, isn't the worst way to get things straight yourself. If, however, you are a person who prefers to practice things by yourself, let me recommend using a full-length mirror as the best means of checking your moves.

However you choose to practice, bear in mind that the end objective is to build a sound swing, not a swing with only superficial good looks. While I do not claim that I have a model swing or a perfect swing, I do think I know the ingredients that make one. If you learn and apply the precepts this series teaches, this does not mean that your swing will necessarily be, minute action for minute action, a literal duplicate of mine. Like any individual, my way of executing a fundamental is bound to be somewhat different from what is natural execution for a player whose build or muscular arrangement is different from mine. The big idea, as goes without the saying, is for you to execute the fundamentals properly so that you will have a swing that functions properly. When all is said and done, style is function and function is style. That is why there is a basic resemblance among all fine golfers. Despite their personal mannerisms, in major ways they all do the same things. It may just happen that the "style" you evolve will instantly recall Harry Cooper or Mac Smith to your golfing friends, and that wouldn't be such a bad thing at all.

NEXT WEEK: THE FIRST PART OF THE SWING

In presenting Lesson No. 2 in the March 25 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Ben Hogan writes:

The fundamentals of golf, as I see it, fall into four natural groupings: those that relate 1) to the grip, 2) to the stance and posture, 3) to the first part of the swing (from address to the top of the backswing) and 4) to the second part of the swing (from the start of the downswing to the finish of the follow-through). In this chapter we will be discussing the

first part of the swing. This phase of the swing requires some instinct, a sense of organization, some thought and a fair control of muscular action. It is, however, much less involved than this makes it appear. Learning the backswing actually consists of getting a few movements clear in your mind and then learning to execute them . . .

**Continue Lesson No. 3
in next week's issue**



AN ARTIST LOOKS AT HIS SUBJECT

With rare and human insight, Russell Hoban re-creates in words and a painting the bright moment when young Floyd Patterson changed forever and became Heavyweight Champion of the World

Russell Hoban is already familiar to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* readers for the earthy, Daumierlike paintings which accompanied A.J. Liebling's *The University of Eighth Avenue*, and for his humorous short story, *The Sweetheart from Luna*. He also rendered the successfully satiric illustrations for *A Manager and His Fighter*. For his latest assignment he was told, "Go to Chicago, see the fight and paint and write as you see fit."



AT 9:28 p.m. Chicago time, November 30, 1954, inside the crimson ropes of the ring under the white lights of the Stadium, Floyd Patterson became the Heavyweight Champion of the World. There was only one such moment, a unique point in time that replaced the one before it and was replaced by the one after it, the victory thus destroyed and preserved as the young man and the older one advanced through time and the event repeated.

Later, in Patterson's dressing room everyone tried to hold the bright moment, to surround it with words and prevent it from escaping. Floyd smiled at the solid wall of faces and voices; he had not yet merged with the image of himself freshly created, for he had not until now an inner conception of his value. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* had billed him as "the next heavyweight champion." Cas D'Amato had said that he was good and would be a champion and, the manager and fans having created the image, he accepted it and did what was necessary, never knowing until now that it was true. It was true, and the voices said "Champ!" and "How does it feel?" and "When did you know you had him?" He was polite, and smiled, and said that he thought he had showed that he could punch a little.

Patterson's face is kind and thoughtful. His hands are

large and simple and make big fists that move with terrible swiftness. Jack London's description of a fighter fits him: "The toughness . . . the instantaneousness of the cell explosions of the muscles, the fineness of the nerves that wired every part of him into a splendid fighting mechanism."

He is wonderful to watch, for his action has a quality of wholeness, so that, while incredibly fast, he is easy to see. As a diver in perfect form seems to be in the air longer than he actually is, so the folds of a matador's cape seem to move slowly in a perfect pass, so Floyd's movements are retained by the eye, seem to last longer than the elapsed fraction of a second. This speed and wholeness of movement and the ability to see "so many openings that I try to get to all of them at once" give him the incomparable skill that must be seen to be believed.

So it is likely that for a long time to come audiences will see the gentlemen who are now the custodians of the title running down the aisle in that almost formal pose behind the policemen: Das Florio, the trainer, and his brother Nick, Dan small and sad and wise, Nick tough and knowledgeable; Cas D'Amato, with the dignity of a Roman senator; and Floyd Patterson, the Heavyweight Champion of the World, who is ready to fight any man alive.

But never again will they look the same as they did that night, though they stand for their group portrait a thousand times. Their lives were changed forever at 9:28 p.m. Chicago time, November 30, 1954. After that moment they began to live differently, dress differently, speak differently, greet friends and strangers with a new warmth and dignity. They were changed and changing men.

TURN PAGE FOR HOBAN'S GREAT PORTRAIT OF THE NEW CHAMPION, D'AMATO AND THE FLORIOS

Prairie Plaids



ILLUSTRATED: Four new duke-much fabrics exclusively featured in sport shirts by Manhattan.

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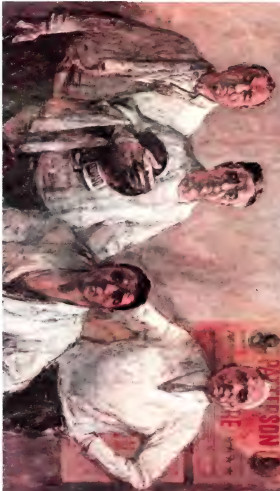
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Pancho the Great

RICHARD GONZALES IS THE KING OF AN EXPANDING TRIBE OF TENNIS PROFESSIONALS WHO ARE CASTING A LONG SHADOW OVER THE AMATEUR TENNIS WORLD

by **RICHARD PHELAN**

TENNIS PLAYERS are nomads. They wander over the earth, turning up at the same place at the same time, fighting like Saracens to keep or advance their rank. There are two tribes, strictly separated—the amateur players and the professionals. They never come together in serious play, for the open tournament, long a major attraction in golf, is forbidden in tennis. The professional group is much the smaller, harder working and better paid of the two. It doesn't go to Wimbledon and the other capitals of the amateur game, but follows a route of one-night stands over six continents. Usually it boasts the best tennis player in the world. It does so right now: Richard Alfonso Gonzales, the 6-foot 3-inch Californian.

On a recent Thursday afternoon Pancho Gonzales drove up to the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles in a 1949 Ford. The current professional tour had reached town the day before, and there was time for rest and workouts before the matches on Friday and Saturday nights. Besides Gonzales, the group includes Ken Rosewall, the challenger; Jack Kramer, the promoter; Pancho Segura; and Dinny Pails. Rosewall and Pails are Australians, but for all the other members of the troupe Los Angeles is a doubly welcome stop because it is home.

With Gonzales in the Ford was his

youngest son, Danny, who is 5. (The other children, Richard, 8, and Manuel, 7, were in school.) Gonzales dressed and began a workout with Dinny Pails playing opposite him and with Danny as the ball boy. The canvas tennis court was stretched over a wooden floor. Danny, trotting around the court in a small boy's flat-footed way and busily picking up balls, made a clatter that filled the auditorium. Gonzales reluctantly sidelined him, and the practice went on.

After an interval a small, perfectly clear voice came from a row high up in the shadows: "Daddy, am I going to be the ball boy any more?"

"Not right now," said Gonzales. "You make too much noise on the boards."

The workout continued. Presently Gonzales called his son down from the top row and handed him a can which had contained tennis balls.

"Go and find the man and ask him if you can please have some ice water in this."

In five minutes Danny reappeared, walking very carefully, trying not to spill the water.

Mrs. Segura and Mrs. Rosewall came in and sat down together in a box.

"Go and say hello to Wilma and Virginia," said Gonzales. Danny trotted over. Dinny Pails, now on the sidelines, introduced him to Mrs. Rosewall. He



PLAYFUL PANCHE of amateur days seen the New Year in at a New York nightclub.

shake hands. Mrs. Segura was obviously an old friend.

The workout continued: now Gonzales and Segura.

"Daddy," said the small voice, again audible throughout the huge auditorium, "Mr. Pails says if I took my shoes off I wouldn't make any noise. Then could I be ball boy again?"

"Yes," said Daddy, and in a moment Danny was racing down the sidelines, making hardly a sound.

"They come and climb on our bed in the morning," said Pancho a few minutes later, dripping sweat. "And I ask them, 'Did you brush your teeth?' and they say, 'Yeah.'"

"Then I say, 'What?' and they say, 'Yes Sir!'"

Pancho Gonzales is far better known as an athlete and individualist than as a father and disciplinarian. Now 28, he has nine years of prime tennis experience to add to the best physical equipment nature can give a man in his profession. His reach and stride and speed are phenomenal. Training, for him, is not so much a matter of doing things that are good, but of ceasing to do things that are bad. "If I lose a few matches, I stop smoking, go to bed early and pay more attention to what I eat. In a few days I'm all right again."

continued

PANCHO THE GREAT

continued

But built into the remarkable athlete's body is a happy-go-lucky disposition which is both a curse and a blessing. His extra-casual view of life and tennis can put him two sets down in a crucial match and then—often but not always—save him by allowing him to win the next three. It has made his career a zigzag affair of boom and bust rather than the short, smooth ride that is common in tennis. Twice already, and for a total of six years, Gonzales has marked time as a has-been.

It was only by accident—as an automobile-scooter accident—that he became a tennis player at all. His father, Manuel Gonzales, is a house painter in Los Angeles. His mother is a seamstress. They came to Los Angeles from Chihuahua, Mexico and Richard was born there in 1928, the first child of a series that eventually totaled seven.

Richard's childhood and the Depression coincided exactly. His parents struggled to keep their family clothed and fed; he did not grow up in a tennis-playing environment. When he was 7 years old he built a scooter of two-by-fours and roller-skate wheels and pushed it happily into the street—straight into the side of a passing police car whose door handle pierced his left cheek and laid it open (as Manuel Gonzales described it to his wife) "like a flower."

The boy recovered quickly from the accident and forgot it, but his mother did not. She liked to keep her children near her, where she felt they were safer than on the streets and playgrounds. By the time Richard was 12 it was clear that he was a born athlete, and clear, too, that he couldn't be kept in the house and yard forever. His mother gave him a cheap tennis racket for Christmas and hoped for the best. She had never played tennis, but had seen it played; it was obviously safer than football. Then, too, it was a game acceptable in good society, and Mrs. Gonzales wanted the best for her children.

Nobody ever gave Richard Gonzales a tennis lesson, then or later. He did most things correctly on a tennis court from the beginning, by instinct. Chuck Pate, a boy he met at school, was able to point out faults and tell him how to correct them. "He was the only one that ever did," says Gonzales. He also gave Richard the nickname Pancho. (Pate himself is not sure that he did, but Gonzales' mother is certain. "One day a boy came to the house," she recalls, "and said, 'Mrs. Gonzales, where

is Pancho?' I said, 'I have no child named Pancho.'")

Those nearest Gonzales dislike the nickname and call him Richard, but he doesn't object to it. He even signs autographs "Pancho Gonzales."

Chuck Pate was one of the first to experience Gonzales' big serve, a phenomenon which brings gasps from any gallery that sees it and brings victory more dependably than any other part of his game. "Even as a kid," says Pate, "he had a bigger serve than the other kids. It just grew up with him."

For a time Pancho looked on tennis as "a slay game." But he was so consistently that it was hard to resist. Eventually, as all promising youngsters in southern California do, he came to the attention of Perry Jones, the secretary of the Southern California Tennis Association and manager of its tournaments. "He was probably," said Jones the other day, "the most natural athlete I have seen in 15 years at the Los Angeles Tennis Club."

But the natural athlete was not a



YOUNG PANCHO WAS CHUBBY BOY

natural scholar, and presently Jones banned him from tournament play because he quit going to school. "So," says Jones, "from age 15 to age 18—those very important years for a tennis player—Gonzales was out and did not get to play against his good contemporaries." Many people said that Jones hated Gonzales because of his Mexican parentage. Both Jones and Gonzales say that this was not true.

The truant spent his time on the tennis courts of Exposition Park in Los Angeles and in the hamburger stands and tennis shops nearby. Idling about there, playing first-rate tennis, he was already a has-been without ever having been. Then he spent 15 months in the Navy, whose discipline suited him no better than that of the classroom. Discharged in January 1947, he went home

and faced still another kind of authority. "Go to school," said Manuel Gonzales, "or go to work; or leave my house." Pancho left home.

He had no place to go, of course, but the Exposition tennis courts; and there he went. For several weeks he slept on a sofa in a one-room tennis shop and took his meals in a hamburger stand. Frank Poulain, the owner of both establishments (and a tennis enthusiast), let Gonzales earn his room and board, such as they were, by odd jobs. Then his parents allowed him to come home, finally convinced that the talent and future of their first-born lay in tennis.

FROM BUST TO BOOM

Perry Jones let him come home, too—to the tournaments of the Southern California Tennis Association. Gonzales was 15, beyond the no-school-no-play age. "The question arose," said Jones, "Should we let him play now? There were some on our board who felt, 'No, we should not.' What happened was that I decided he should be allowed to play, and so he was.

"In the southern California championships that year, he and Herbie Flam played in court No. 4. They brought some pressure to bear on me to put that match on in the center court. But I took the attitude, 'Why glorify this boy right away?'"

With many spectators ignoring the center court to watch the young legend from the public parks, Gonzales glorified himself by defeating Flam, the recent national junior champion. The bust was over; the boom was on. Soon the whole tennis world knew of him.

Gonzales has been called lazy, stubborn, snobbish, childish and rude. All of the epithets derive from one central fact about him: he will not do what he doesn't like doing. Few men nowadays can take such a view of life, but Gonzales' special gifts allow him to do so and make it stick—without setbacks. He won't practice strokes by himself. He wouldn't go to school. He won't train, or work at a disagreeable job, or pay any attention to the side of tennis that involves cocktails and polite chatter. Many a hostess has smiled with gritted teeth because the cornerstone and lodestone of her tennis party—the champion—was missing. He is not missing because he feels uncomfortable at such affairs. He always seems to feel more comfortable than anyone else, showing a composure that is probably linked to his physical coordination and grace; but he just doesn't like such functions.

Parties bore him, but food does not.

Gonzales likes baked potatoes with his steak and sour cream on the potatoes. He likes beer, and booze, and fried beans, and waffles with ice cream, and tortillas made with flour. Nowadays, prudence and the rigors of professional touring help keep him at his best playing weight, between 180 and 185 pounds. But in his amateur days neither prudence nor self-denial was prominent in his makeup, and he sometimes weighed as much as 204.

Backed by Perry Jones and the Southern California Tennis Association, he collected tournament experience in the summers of 1947 and 1948. He took time out to elope to Yuma with a pretty 18-year-old girl named Henrietta Podrin. Often he clipped off a high-ranking player, and often an unranked one clipped him. "In these days," he says now, "the excitement of being involved in tennis—traveling and meeting people and things like that—seemed more important than winning." He went to Forest Hills for the 1948 Nationals as No. 17 in the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's national rankings and was the last—eighth—of the Americans seeded in the tournament. He defeated the top-seeded Frank Parker in the quarter finals, Jaroslav Drobny in the semifinals, and Eric Stenberg in the final. Sixteen months after Perry Jones had readmitted him to organized tennis, he was the national champion.

"After I won," Gonzales recalls, "I phoned Perry Jones in Los Angeles and said I'd start home the next day by car. He said, 'You're flying home tomorrow.' I did, and a week later I lost to Ted Schroeder in the Pacific Southwest tournament. I just quit playing then—I lost so many tournaments in the next three months they called me the cheese champion." The USLTA moved him up from No. 17 to No. 1—and the champ went right on losing.

In April 1949 he managed to win the indoor singles championship despite 13 pounds of overweight. Sweating off the extra pounds in the heat of July, he won the national clay court championship in Chicago. This gave him two of the country's four major titles. The hard-court championship was out of reach—Schroeder had already won it—but there remained the Nationals.

And there remained Ted Schroeder. He had won the National Singles title in 1942 and had passed it up thereafter. People argued that if Schroeder had played at Forest Hills in 1948, Gonzales would never have won; again and again, both before and after Gonzales became national champion, Ted



FAMILY GROUP shows the Gonzales children gathered round their parents for a portrait in 1948. Yolanda (kneeling in front of parents) is youngest. They beside her is

Ralph; then (from rear) Bertha, Margaret, Perry and his wife Henrietta; Maxwell Jr., who is Margaret's twin, and Perry. The guests are Carmen and Manuel Gonzales Sr.

Schroeder had beaten him. Now the question was to be settled: both were entered at Forest Hills.

They met in the finals. Five times Gonzales was within a point of winning the first set—and he lost it 16-18. He lost the second set 3-6, badly outplayed. Defeat would confirm him as a cheese champion, mark him as a flashy upstart without discipline or control, put the biggest dent of all in his career. In the stands Henrietta Gonzales was in tears. Then Pancho won the third set 6-1. There was a 10-minute break. He drew even with the fourth set, 6-3. Then, double-faulting in the very last game, coming up from 30-40, he pulled out the final set 6-4 and kept his championship.

A week later, in California, he defeated Schroeder again, this time in the Pacific Southwest tournament where Schroeder had beaten him the year before. Then he turned professional.

He entered a strange new world. The pro tennis player lives a mixed-up life. He is celebrity, roustabout and strolling player, all in one. He may find himself being presented to royalty one eve-

ning and fixing a flat in the rain the next. He is highly paid, yet often poorly fed because no good restaurant is near. Sometimes he is called on to drive all night and then to play tennis as if he had slept all night. In the pro world there is room for the top man and the three or four nearest the top. All the rest, except for an occasional tournament, are unemployed.

Jack Kramer was the top man that Pancho faced. Gonzales was 21; he was the father of one child and his wife was expecting another. He looked forward to earning some \$80,000 as he defeated Jack Kramer. He earned the money all right, but lost to Kramer by the appalling score of 16 matches to 27.

"I was lying on the grass in the yard," recalls his old school friend Chuck Pate, "when he walked up, just back from that tour. I was mad. I said, 'What do you mean, boy, letting him beat you like that?' He said, 'Oh, well, I made about the same money losing as I'd have made winning.'"

But he made no money at all on the 1951 tour—there was no room on it for

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PANCHO THE GREAT

continued

last year's unsuccessful challenger. Kramer looked around for new competition and Gonzales entered his second stretch as a has-been. He did not emerge from it completely and officially until he defeated Tony Trabert in 1958.

As he had done in an earlier banishment, he spent a lot of time at the Exposition Park tennis courts. There is something about the place that seems to attract and comfort Gonzales. In some curious way it is home. It may be simply that he has put in so many hours playing tennis there, or it may be the atmosphere of the place itself. There are grass and trees, sun and games. Everything is dwarfed by the huge, gray, empty Los Angeles Coliseum. In the side streets children wash and repair their cars. And clumped around the Hoover Street entrance to the park are a series of casually constructed hamburger stands, tennis shops and frozen custard parlors. The total effect is of a subdued and dreamlike carnival, one that will go on forever.

At one time Gonzales took over Frank Poulain's tennis shop—the one he had slept in—and ran it for a year. But he lacked the shopkeeper's temperament, and (according to some reports) he was not even a good racket stringer. It was an epoch of confusion, discovery, trial and error. Gonzales made some minor tours; he and his wife separated for a time; he and his brother Ralph discovered hot rods and drag racing. And, of course, he played tennis.

In 1954 Kramer, by then the promoter of the tour rather than its star, signed Gonzales for a round robin series with Pancho Segura, Frank Sedgman and others. Gonzales won it. A better chance came in 1955: the Australian stars Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, who had agreed to turn pro and play against the brand-new professional, Tony Trabert, decided not to do so after all. Eventually Kramer signed Gonzales to oppose Trabert. Gonzales' guarantee was \$15,000. Trabert's was \$75,000.

There was nothing happy-go-lucky about the way Gonzales went after Tony Trabert. His speed was as great as ever, and his control as sure; he was lean and hungry after a long stretch out of the limelight and out of the money. He found no satisfaction in contemplating the difference between his pay and that of Trabert, the recent amateur champion. Neither of the two

felt any burning friendship for the other. The tour ended with Gonzales the victor, 74 matches to 27, and Trabert not only the loser but the victim—of Gonzales' serve, his lean years, his knife-edged self-assurance and his skill. Not just in fact, but by the record, Pancho was now the best tennis player in the world.

The self-assurance is genuine. He has the skill, and Gonzales knows how to use it. "If you think the other guy may beat you, then he has a better chance to do it. But if you think you'll win, and let him know you think so, then it helps you. You have to use a little psychology." He uses it on the gallery, too, inciting hecklers to come down and take his place. "So far nobody has." And he has been known to go through the motions of removing a pair of imaginary glasses from his own nose and offering them to a fireman who has just made a call he disagreed with.

ONE SET OF MANNERS

Gonzales likes smokes, hot rod racing, bowling and poker. His favorite spot for smokes and bowling is the 20th Century Recreation Club, a one-story institution of yellow stucco and neon tubes on Western Avenue in Los Angeles. It has 12 bowling alleys, six pool tables, a lunch counter and a "cocktail lounge" whose lights are dimmed to a midnight blue even at one o'clock in the afternoon. "That's where I go to see my friends," he says, "when I'm in Los Angeles." The 20th Century Recreation Club is a world removed from Forest Hills. But Gonzales has brought the same set of manners—excellent manners—to both places.

Ken Rosewall, the present challenger, is a 22-year-old who won the National Singles championship of the United States last year and turned pro in December after helping defend the Davis Cup for his native Australia. Rosewall is 5 feet 6 inches tall to Gonzales' 6 feet 3. He is popular with the crowds because he is the smaller, because he still looks like a schoolboy and because he plays not only with skill, but with a spunky underdoggedness that never quits.

Unless the cyst in his right hand gives Gonzales new trouble, there is little doubt that he will win the present 100-match series. He leads by a wide margin already. But that does not lessen the pleasure of watching the two experts play. Rosewall reacts with flash-ball speed. His ground strokes are classic, and he does a remarkable



AT FOREST HILLS IN 1949, Gonzales poses (left) with his trophy and Ted Schroeder, the rival he had to defeat to win it, and (right) gets a victory hug from his wife Hecierita.

job—far better than Trabert—of returning the big serve.

The 1949 Ford which Gonzales drove to his Los Angeles workouts that recent Thursday was blue with black spots; it badly needed paint. But it was freshly upholstered in the best black leather with white trim. All the chrome parts had been replated, and they glittered. Under the hood was a Cadillac engine with balanced pistons, four carburetors and a special cam. "All it needs now is a paint job," said Pancho. "I have spent \$1,000 on it, and it's better than new." It was his current hot rod.

After his Friday workout Gonzales put the Ford-Cadillac through a few acceleration runs on the long parking strip in front of the Pan Pacific Auditorium. Then, on the same improvised track, he held a drag race with a friend in a rather battered Cadillac and beat him decisively. That night, with Hecierita Gonzales and several guests looking on, Pancho lost to Rosewall 6-4, 6-3.

The following night he appeared at the auditorium after the preliminary match (between Segura and Faile) was well under way. He wandered out to a refreshment stand and, in rattling Spanish, asked for coffee. The counter-man greeted him as a friend. He bought a pack of cigarettes from a machine and lit one, and then, smoking his cigarette and drinking his coffee, strolled

back to the brightly lit dressing room.

"Where are my tennis shoes?" he asked. "I left them here last night." Someone was dispatched through the evening traffic to obtain a pair of tennis shoes and bring them to the auditorium. The preliminary match, a one-set affair, went into extra games. When the brand-new shoes were brought, everybody tried to help Gonzales get ready and so end the delay. Among the helpers was Ted Schroeder, Gonzales' old nemesis, who was to umpire the main event. He was putting the laces into one of the new shoes. "I never thought I'd see the day," said Schroeder, wagging his head in mock sorrow, "when I'd be lacing Gonzales' shoes." That night Pancho won 6-4, 8-6.

To the question, "What is the best thing about being a celebrity?" Gonzales replies, "The money." The current tour may bring him \$100,000; he will soon be in a position to retire. But first he would like to defeat Lew Hoad, the young Australian who is now out of reach because he is an amateur.

"I could have a cocktail lounge," says Pancho, talking of the future. "Or I could be a tennis instructor. I average 180 at bowling and I could turn pro." But there are even better things in life than these. Gonzales thinks seriously of owning a garage and machine shop equipped not only for work on standard cars, but for turning old heaps

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PANCHO THE GREAT

continued

into good hot rods. In his pre-teenage days, he showed a gift in high school for mathematics and mechanics. Being himself scooped-up by nature for high performance, he responds to the same quality in engines. He would like to drive in the Indianapolis "500." He has never been in an Indianapolis-type car, but "I have read a lot about them," he says. "I think I could do it."

"Pancho is conservative," says Perry Jones. "He always has been." And he goes on to explain that by "conservative" he means well-behaved.

"His powers of concentration are not what I'd call those of a champion," says his old friend and doubles partner Pancho Segura. "He goes into lapses. He can still improve a lot, but I can't. I'm already doing my best."

"When he runs his car through the drag strip at a hundred miles an hour," says Henrietta Gonzales, "he has the widest grin—just like a little boy."

"He just had it," says Chuck Pate, now a Los Angeles truck driver and still a friend of Pancho. "He always had it."

"My timing?" said Ken Rosewall to a reporter, after losing a match to Gonzales. "I had no time for timing."

"When Richard was a little boy," says Mrs. Manuel Gonzales, a tall, perfectly groomed woman still in her 40s, "we were poor, but we were proud. I'm still proud." (ENR)



PANCHO'S NEMESIS is his days as trasher, Perry Jones, here presents a cup to him.

IT'S TIME TO OPEN UP TENNIS

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

IN AN ERA when segregation has become a household word and arguing point, tennis finds itself with a segregation problem of its own. How long must the professional tennis player be treated as an outlaw and barred from a role in the sphere of big-time tennis?

The problem is not a new one. But it is one which seems to erupt every few years, with no change in the official attitudes. And this year it has erupted again—more violently and more significantly than at any time since Big Bill Tilden made his vigorous—but unsuccessful—bid for an open tournament back in the middle 1930s. For today, at least seven of the 10 best active players in the world are pros, and the list is steadily growing.

Heading any sort of combined ranking of professionals and amateurs would be Pancho Gonzales, Frank Sedgman and Ken Rosewall. Then you would have to place Lew Hoad, Australia's fine amateur—but after him you would have to pick up the pros again, with Pancho Segura, Tony Trabert, Ken McGregor and Rex Hartwig. Well down the list would be such amateurs as Ham Richardson, Vic Seixas, Budge Patty, Ashley Cooper, Neale Fraser, Herbert Flam and Sam Giammalvi.

The segregation of these two groups of tennis players—the best in the game—is a problem which has brought into sharp conflict the biggest policy-making tennis men of Australia, the most tennis-minded country in the world and the present home of the Davis Cup. Sir Norman Brookes, longtime president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, who recently retired, has come out strong for mingling of the pros and amateurs. But Don Ferguson, who succeeded Sir Norman as president of the Australian Association, blasts the pros as a threat to amateur tennis and the Davis Cup, and urges amateur organizations to disband them.

Sir Norman, a former Davis Cup player and for years one of the most influential spokesmen in the game,

says: "The amateurs have nothing to fear from the pros. Their tournaments and the Davis Cup are firmly established. The pros have no organization. It's foolish to be afraid, and it's bad not to take in all of tennis, as they do in golf."

But Ferguson is among those who fear that the amateur would suffer in comparison with the pro. He believes that traditional tournaments, such as Wimbledon, Forest Hills, the Australian Nationals, and competition, such as the Davis Cup and Wightman Cup matches, would lose their stature. He has warned the state associations in his contention to freeze out the pros. "They'll kill our tennis and our Davis Cup," he maintains.

Ferguson backs up his arguments with statistics from the recent events at Melbourne, a city already drained of sports money by the Olympic Games. Against Ferguson's warnings, the Victorian Association rented Kooyung Stadium, Melbourne's Wimbledon, to promoter Jack Kramer's troupe, featuring Pancho Gonzales and Ken Rosewall. The pros drew 8,000 and 10,000 fans. The Australian championships, hurt by the loss of Rosewall to pro ranks, suffered, with crowds sometimes as low as 800.

Open tennis is a problem so immediate that Reville McManis, progressive president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, saw fit at the January convention in Chicago to set up a special committee (whose names, at this writing, have not yet been revealed) to study its various aspects. "This doesn't mean I am for open tennis," McManis stated. "I just think that, in view of the circumstances, it's time we take another cold, hard look at the whole matter. The committee will report to us in September, and we can kick the question around again then."

Down through the years—with one mild exception—there has been solid opposition from the men who run American tennis to lowering the bars for the pros.



GONZALES' POWER is symbol of the professionals' present domination of the game.

In 1932, in the regime of Louis Carruthers, the USLTA went before the International Lawn Tennis Federation, the sport's world-governing body, with the suggestion that each country be permitted to set its own course of action in the matter of open tennis. It wasn't that the United States wanted open tennis necessarily; it was more a bid for "home rule." The move was beaten decisively.

In 1934 and 1935, when Merrill Hall was president of the USLTA, Tilden, who with Vincent Richards had left amateur tennis to make the pro tour, waged a strong campaign for an open tournament. He was the biggest name in tennis at the time, and his efforts almost succeeded. He was beaten by his own ambition and effrontery. "He wanted to run the tournament himself," Merrill Hall recalls, "and he demanded that the pros get half the proceeds. We turned him down cold."

Hall said he saw no reason for reconsidering the dominant position of the USLTA, with all its rich history and organizational know-how, to a few pros so that they could line their pockets with more dollars.

"I thought then, and I think now, that professional tennis, if all the best

continued



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OPEN TENNIS

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were removed, would be a threat to our big amateur tournaments and the Davis Cup."

Holcombe Ward, who is also a past USTA president, enunciated the official viewpoint in 1948 when he said:

"The real reason for an open championship is to make money. Its purpose would be to draw large crowds of spectators, big gate receipts, big names, large cash prizes to be divided among professionals. Amateur officials would be expected to give their time to build up a new title of commercial value which the winner, if a professional, could capitalize on for personal profit by exhibition matches, radio talks, commercial endorsements and the like."

Ward's opposition was categorized as follows: 1) an open tournament would be inconsistent with the ideals of playing for the love of the game; 2) one open championship would lead to others "like a vicious spiral of inflation"; 3) there would be a double standard of expenses for pros and amateurs; 4) an open tournament would tax an already crowded schedule.

In 1955, James H. Bishop, another president, also took issue with the by now familiar query: "There is open golf, why not open tennis?" He said: "In open golf all players play the full three days, and they play against par for a score. No player can claim so many amateur scalps for his advertising belt with scores attached to show he mowed them down. One shouldn't mind shooting at a target for a score against a professional marksman. It would be quite different shooting at each other to see who gets eliminated."

In trying to work out the professional problem, other differences in the tennis and golf pictures become apparent.

Organization, for one. In golf, the pros have a strong ruling body of their own in the Professional Golfers Association, which works hand in glove with the U.S. Golf Association, the ruling body of the sport. The tennis pros have no working organization to speak of. In golf, amateurs are forbidden to receive expense money for tournaments. In tennis, amateurs are permitted expenses, and this has been an area for abuse which have drawn widespread criticism.

In golf, there was never a problem of mixing the pros and amateurs. They played together from the beginning. The British Open golf tournament started in 1880; the U.S. Open in 1886. The opens are conducted by the

amateur organizations, the Royal and Ancient in Britain and the USGA in the United States.

Another aspect of the matter is that until recently the tennis pros were too few in number and with too little influence to make their voice heard. Not so today. The pros are strong, and speak with an increasingly strong voice. And it is interesting that one of the men championing open competition is one who would be most hurt by such a development—Promoter Jack Kramer. He acknowledges that an open championship probably would kill off the exhibition tours from which he has garnered such vast profits.

JUST THREE LOSERS

"I figure there are three men who wouldn't profit by an open championship," says Jack. "They would be the pro champion, in this case Goroletti; the amateur champion, who might lose prestige in a head-to-head clash with the pro champ; and, of course, the promoter, who would most likely be me."

"But I feel that tennis as a whole would benefit greatly. Open competition would raise the caliber of amateur tennis because it would give the amateur a chance to play against the best. It would arouse new interest generally and bring more youngsters into the game."

The problem definitely is with us and, like Rensile McMan, I don't think we should run from it. We should stand up and face it. Personally, I am not horrified at the thought of the pros playing with the amateurs. I have seen the idea work well with golf and see no reason why it could not be translated—with careful planning—into tennis. It isn't an idea which calls for hasty, scatter-shot action. Serious study and solid groundwork must precede it.

In this spirit I would like to propose what I call "seven steps to open tennis." These procedures are detailed on the opposite page. In any merger both sides should benefit if the merger is to be a profitable one, and I believe that a merger along these lines will benefit the pros, the amateurs and the game itself.

In essence, the amateurs and pros must forget their old feuds and differences and work together for a better, fuller sport. I believe all the greats of tennis, either amateur or pro, belong to the game. Their aims may be different, but their ideals are the same. In assessing the problem, we need ask ourselves one question and one alone: "Is it for the good of the game?" I think it is.

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7 STEPS TO OPEN PLAY

1 Publish and disseminate the report of Mr. McMann's committee to all USLTA bodies, requesting them to study and act upon it without prejudice.

2 Seek again a ruling from the International Federation for "house rule," which would give us the right to try an open tournament. Obviously, whereas the United States and Australia, with the preponderance of pro talent, may be ready for open competition, other countries, such as Britain, France or Italy, may not.

3 Give the idea of open tennis an exploratory test—conduct a "shakedown cruise." Set up one open championship to be conducted at Forest Hills. The tournament would be under the jurisdiction of the USLTA and there would be a firm limit of one tournament to prevent what Holcombe Ward described as the "vicious spiral of inflation." If the tournament proved a success, others might be added, on conditions permit—on clay, hardwood and hard court—but the matter must be left entirely to the USLTA, which can then protect the sanity of its heavy amateur schedule.

4 Leave open competition in other countries—Australia, England and France, for instance—entirely to those particular nations. Different countries have different problems.

5 Let the USLTA reorganize its administrative setup to deal with added responsibilities and to strengthen those it already holds. Establish an executive director, answerable to the USLTA directors, of course, but with broad powers for pushing and promoting the USLTA program and enforcing its codes.

6 Let the tennis pros strengthen their own organization and work through a central office in cooperation with the USLTA. The pro association, operating much on the order of the Professional Golfers Association, could conduct weekly or occasional pro tournaments, on the order of the PGA tour, with sponsors providing prize money. This long has been the aim of Jack Kramer. This would be out of the province of the USLTA. Amateurs would be allowed to compete in these open tournaments (and to be confused with the less big open championships) without loss of amateur standing. For the protection of the amateur program they should not be eligible for expenses, except in such tournaments as do not conflict with the scheduled amateur events. In those cases, the USLTA could authorize expenses. But certainly, amateurs would not be eligible for prize money.

7 Like the USGA in golf, the USLTA must be boss of the operation. It must hold the whip hand and be the policy-making and ruling body of all tennis in America. The pro organization should deal with matters strictly within the pro province, with the USLTA holding full power in matters involving both pro and amateur.

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Norihisa Kase, 28, displayed unusual skill in sliding heavy wool and twine ball, reluctantly wore down 43-year-old Alvin Martin 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 at Boston to end his rival's seven-year reign as the national court tennis champion.



Sandra Morgan, 34, latest of Australia's many water skiers, upset Olympic double gold-medal winner Lorraine Crapp in 200-meter freestyle in 2:25.2 for new Aussie junior record at Melbourne, happily crowned: "I did it on my terms."

RECORD BREAKERS

Michigan's Dick Wiggins and Eddie Stapp's Al Wiggins put on world short-course record-breaking show in Big Ten swimming championships at Minneapolis but couldn't stop talented Michigan State from winning team title. Wiggins set pace by breaking 226-yard freestyle in 2:51.5 (March 8); husky Wiggins strogenized 100-yard butterfly in 1:43.5 (March 9). Other records broken last week: Seattle's perky Nancy Haney slipped through 180-yard butterfly in 1:39.5 for world mark at Portland, Ore. (March 9); Yale's Tim Jreko chased 200-yard butterfly in 2:08.7 to break his own college standard at Cambridge, Mass., as the troubled Harvard 20-27 for 154th straight dual meet victory and 11th Eastern Intercollegiate League crown (March 9).

Master Sergeant Hackett L. Benson, knickered West Point instructor, set sharpshooting example for future generals, plating 15 bullets in X-ring and barely missing with two more to post 280 points and new world record for 10-shot slow fire at 25 yards with .22 caliber pistol (March 8), went on to win seventh national wheelchair title with overall score of 2,810-10K at Tampa, Fla.

BASEBALL

Major league exhibiting season got under way in Florida and Arizona, with hitters well ahead of cautious pitchers. Yankees and Dodgers moved slowly, splitting first two games with St. Louis and Milwaukee, respectively.

HOCKEY

Boston finally cracked ice to beat Boston 4-2 after six winless games, led by goalie to three-point lead over Montreal as Canadiens and Bruins (who trailed by five quarters through last week, Fourplayline New York, off an last, stretched unbeaten streak to seven.

BOXING

Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan sought NBC (James D. Norris, president) and its sprawling empire with not actively suspected left hook in New York, sitting off myriad speculation on boxing's future. His ruling: NBC is indeed a monopoly and in violation of Sherman Antitrust Act (see page 14).

Walter Byrns, steady little Boston welterweight unknown outside of native New England and poorly regarded at 5 to 1, played it out, outboxing, outthinking and even outpunching lanky Garrett (Sugar) Hart for 10 exciting rounds to win division in New York.

Niger Ray Robinson, olive quality of post-puncher fight for one season or another, will have to wait one more week (until May 1) to get return shot at Middleweight Champion Gene Frazier in Chicago. Known: here and colorful TV sponsors requested change from April 24 date to coincide with early May sales promotion campaign.

HORSE RACING

Longhorns' Fame's Twin Hackett, held off early pace by hooded Eddie Arroya, closed up in final quarter to catch from-running Solinsky in 1:15.280 (San Juan Capistrano, Hawthorne) and stretched Santa Anita (see page 12).

Federal HB, Clifford Landy's hunting 3-year-old, broke out of gate on top, held him in face of challenging stretch run by Shae Far to win \$45,180 Louisiana Derby at Fair Grounds in New Orleans (see page 42).

CURLING

Mark Baldwin showed Edmonton curler, made brilliant use of draw shot to skip his risk to upset over famed Campbell of Avonlea, wound up six-way tieup with 10-0 record to win MacDonald Brier Tankard and Canadian championship at Kingston, Ont.

FOOTBALL

Ken Kesel, curly-topped glamour boy whose hair and well-publicized football career has carried him (and ubiquitous ex-wife) Harvey from California to UCLA to Canadian press in Chicago Bear draft list, has given up on his movie ambitions. Kesel asked for and got release from MGM contract, married off to Fort God to begin cinematic career with National Guard—this time without glib Harvey.

TRACK AND FIELD

Don DeVore, running just fast enough to win, topped home in 4:08.4 mile in New York, but biggest names went to Twin Courtney, who raced 1,680 in 2:08.5; Charlie Jenkins, 480 meter in 1:31; Pat Friedman, 800 meter, surprise winner of 50-yard dash in 8.2.

Max Toms, leading little UBC runner, made his first start on boards a memorable one, even leading Houston's Fubins here John Mary to win two-mile in 5:55.7 at Milwaukee.

Bobby Morrow and Eddie Southern held overnight in Bender (Hymn) at Laredo, Texas. Morrow sprinted 166 in 9.5 and 125 in 20.2, finished record-breaking 148 in 1:08.3; Southern 147-yard relay team, Texas' Southern took 120-yard high hurdles in 1:15, won 200-yard race in 22.8, both event records.

Herb Elliott, busy 19-year-old Aussie, headed through last quarter in 57.8 to post 4:00.4 mile at Melbourne, drawing accolade from retired John Landy: "The greatest natural runner I have ever seen."

BASKETBALL

All-America team began to make their appearance. First three (A.P., U.P., National Association of Basketball Coaches) showed unanimity of opinion on Kansas' Wil Chamberlain, North Carolina's Len Rosenbloom and West Virginia's Red Rod Hood; two picked

FOCUS ON THE DEED



EARLY-BIRD ANGLERS, on hand to open trout season, are silhouetted by twilight slanting through the mist as they crowd around Sny Hole Stream in Missouri's Bennett Spring State Park.



COMPETING TEAMS parade in Moscow's Central Stadium before start of World and European hockey championships, won by Sweden after holding Soviets to 4-4 tie in Lenin Stadium.



Adrian McManus, 60-year-old golfer from Fresno, Calif. and father of three golfing sons, shot 55-78-106 to win Trans-Mississippi senior championship Las Vegas for second time, issued challenge to any amateur foursome in world.



Shirley Majors, best known as father of Johnny, Tennessee's All-American fullback, but also highly regarded as successful coach at Hustonville H.S., where his teams had 78-1-1 record in seven years, has been named head coach at Sewanee.

Columbia's Clint Porter; one vote each went to Iowa State's Gary Thompson, South Carolina's Grady Walker, SMU's Jim Krebs, Louisiana's Charlie Tyms. (For other sport, see page 50.)

NBA season headed into final days with Boston and Syracuse assured of playoff berth in East, while Philadelphia and New York were day-fighting for third spot. In West, St. Louis, Fort Wayne and Minneapolis clinched places.

GOLF

Barbara Remark, pretty Sacramento slinker, made good use of her short game ("What old chipper and putter just worked for me") to beat 16-year-old Ann Middleman 5 and 4 for Florida East Coast amateur title at St. Augustine. Alarmed with *Pie Huddy Porter* in May, Barbara credited romance with relaxing her game, but plans to curtail tournament schedule in order to "rule some junior golf champions."

FIELD TRIAL

Harve Agnes Hiles, W. C. Jones's white-and-brown pointer, already winner of National Phoenix and Continental Quail titles, added one more crown to his bulging list, running widely and hunting earnestly through sloppy weather to pocket five crowns for his second National Amateur Quail championship, at Orange, Va.

MILEPOSTS

BARRETT—**Ramsey Giammalva**, 22, power-killing U. of Texas tennis star, budding U.S. Davis Cup hope for future, and **Cedric Abdo**, 20, at San Antonio, Texas.
WIMP—**Babe Biko** (real name: Harry I. Pytkowski), 46, chunky ex-sailor who slugged way from obscurity to brief fame after beating Teddy Yarus for middletown title in 1935, only to lose crown to Freddie Steele 12 months later, in his sleep, at Syracuse, N.Y.

FOR THE RECORD

BOXING

SPRINK **HOWIE**, 16-point decision over Communist British middleweight **Pete Gil Turner**, 6-round KO over **Billy Green**, welterweight, New York.

GOLF

GET WELL **St. Francis** (Reno, Pa.), Pennells (Fla.) down with 2-1 for 33 holes.
MICKEY WRIGHT, 139 Dags, Jacksonville (Fla.) down 3 Cops, with 225 for 31 holes.

GYMNASTICS

111925, Big Ten title, with 142.8 pts., Ann Arbor, Mich.
ARMANDO VITA, Penn State, all-around title, with 5,174 pts. in 4 events, Eastern Intercollegiate individual championships, Syracuse.

HORSE RACING

JAGRE, 118,125 Babush Toot B., 1H m., by 2H, heights, in 2:20 1/5 at W. White Water Works, Ky.

SKING

DAVE JACOBS, St. Lawrence U., Canadian downhill title, in 4:50 1/2 for 2 runs, Mont Tremblant, Que. Men's champion Cup Regatta, Mont St. Julien, St. Harold **WIEBER**, Denver 2, 13 km. R. Amer'can cross-country title, in 1:17:45, Detroit, Mich.

SPED SKATING

JACK GILBERT, Los Angeles R. American indoor 500 m. title, Cinnamin, 10. Men's champion, Irvine, Anaheim, Team Champion, Illinois.

SQUAT BARBERS

BOB BUCHANAN, Harvard, over John Collins, 197, 17 1/2, 15 1/2, 14 1/2, 13 1/2, 12 1/2, 11 1/2, 10 1/2, 9 1/2, 8 1/2, 7 1/2, 6 1/2, 5 1/2, 4 1/2, 3 1/2, 2 1/2, 1 1/2, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, 1/64, 1/128, 1/256, 1/512, 1/1024, 1/2048, 1/4096, 1/8192, 1/16384, 1/32768, 1/65536, 1/131072, 1/262144, 1/524288, 1/1048576, 1/2097152, 1/4194304, 1/8388608, 1/16777216, 1/33554432, 1/67108864, 1/134217728, 1/268435456, 1/536870912, 1/1073741824, 1/2147483648, 1/4294967296, 1/8589934592, 1/17179869184, 1/34359738368, 1/68719476736, 1/137438953472, 1/274877907536, 1/549755815072, 1/1099511630144, 1/2199023260288, 1/4398046520576, 1/8796093041152, 1/17592186082304, 1/35184372164608, 1/70368744329216, 1/140737488658432, 1/281474977316864, 1/562949954633728, 1/1125899909267456, 1/2251799818534912, 1/4503599637069824, 1/9007199274139648, 1/18014398548279296, 1/36028797096558592, 1/72057594193117184, 1/144115188386234368, 1/288230376772468736, 1/576460753544937472, 1/1152921507089874944, 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CLOTHESPINS AND A CODE OF CALM

These are the appurtenances of Smoke Tree Ranch, where refugees from the executive way of life can relax as California primitives

ON AN ARID ORIGIN in the California desert, hand by the Indian lands and 2½ miles from the glittering gulch of Palm Springs, a doughty band of the U.S.'s foremost executives play truant from their suits each winter, holed up amid the mesquite and burro bush of Smoke Tree Ranch.

There isn't a key on any door or a uniform on most employees at Smoke Tree, and except for a petunia patch in front of the office and a small lawn alongside the dining room to keep the dust down the 400 acres of ranch real estate remain unlandscaped. Guests live in squat bungalows sprinkled over the mesa which would, by a devotee of chrome and glass motels, perhaps be considered primitive.

Nor is there a bar, but in deference to conviviality a pickup truck distributes a bucket of ice to every bungalow about 4 o'clock. A dinner bell clangs out across the desert twilight, and guests report into the dining hall at 6:30 sharp. Having been given a wooden clothespin upon arrival, a guest will find it attached to a napkin at dinnertime, grouped with others on the long banquette tables.

Although the first and last courses are served by a waitress, the captains of industry and their ladies, according to ranch rule, file into the kitchen for the main course, where they help themselves to side dishes as the chef stands in front of the range and dotes out the roast. In the evening there might be square dancing or bingo in the lounge, a public room decorated in the mode of a respectable maiden aunt in modest circumstance, but lights snap out early. They have to. Breakfast is over at 9 a.m., and, as a sign in each room indicates, anyone who doesn't want to rise for this deadline can have fruit juice, toast and coffee served in the cottage as late as 9:30.

Despite the fact that it is not always full for its entire fall-to-spring season, Smoke Tree is one of the most difficult resorts in the country to get into. The ranch is owned collectively by a group of 78 colonists, who, having agreed not to keep hags or goats on the land, or dig for oil, or shoot firearms, or train dogs, have been permitted to buy property on one end of the reservation. Among those who have built homes, which must be of early California ranch

house designs, painted white, with not more than 10% of their lots planted to grass, are Paul Hoffman; Donald Gilmore, chairman of the board of the Upjohn Co.; Paul Trautdale, Texas real estate promoter; Walter Disney; and George Murphy, the former actor who staged last summer's Republican Spectacular at San Francisco. Stuart Symington, the only Democrat in memory at Smoke Tree, has since sold his home and retired from the ranch.

To spend a vacation in one of the desert cabins at Smoke Tree, a guest must be recommended by one of the colonists and then pass a five-man board of admissions. "They are terribly screened," a hostess explained. "Wonderfully screened, I think," a guest added. One vacationist who passed this rigid code was Dwight Eisenhower, who visited here in 1953, staying at the home of the late Paul Helms, of Los Angeles bakery and Olympic fame (SL, Nov. 19).

Guests, who pay about \$27 a day with meals, and colonists, who are taxed \$10 a month, can swim in the pool, bowl on the green, play tennis on the concrete courts or join the breakfast rides into the canyons, over the lands of the Cahuilla Indians. Use of the extensive Smoke Tree stables, the only ranch facility open to the general public, costs extra. Some 90 horses are maintained on the grounds, including those kept at the Smoke Tree Relay Station, an outpost to which riders can travel by car before mounting their horses for the trip into the canyons.

For colonists and clothespin holders, Smoke Tree is an enclave of serenity, an unfettered track of desert where they can hold out against the juxta of downtown Palm Springs, whose glow, like an irrepressible neon-lighted glacier, seems to move closer every year. But, guarded by a gatekeeper, an electrically controlled redwood gate and a rigid set of house rules, the colonists are yet secure and only rarely wander into such lapses as occurred the other night. Considering what to do about petty guest business in the early season, a colonist gingerly tossed out a suggestion. "Do you think," he said, "we ought to take in a few Democrats?" It was such a propitious notion that the room rang with laughter for many minutes.

—HORACE SUTTON



BREAKFAST RIDING near Smoke Tree Flat toward Anderson Canyon through mesquite, greasewood, yucca and desert sage just after sunrise.



OLYMPIA POOL, surrounded by lush green lawns at Smoke Tree is, as at all Palm Springs inns, a center of social life after riding or playing tennis.



SMOKE TREE RANCH entertains Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Heath, adon of Long Beach, Calif., with lawn bowling. Mr. Heath is vice-president of Signal Oil Company.





STABLE FOREMAN Bud Klemmer, a former rodeo star, instructs such Snake-Town youngsters as Rocky Hovada of Wichita in western arts of roping, riding.

OLD HANDS Channing Wells, ex-president of American Optimal Co., and Donald S. Gibson, Upjohn Co. board chairman, winter at ranch. Wells gave briefing group.





PAUL G. HOFFMAN, STATESMAN AND FORMER STEUBENHER CHAIRMAN, RELAXES AT HIS SUMMER THREE HOUSE IN WEST CUMBER VILLE AND HOOVER'S

PALM SPRINGS FANTASIA

by HORACE BUTTON

LIFTING his head and gazing across the 2½ miles that separate his ranch home from Palm Springs, Mr. Paul Hoffman (opposite) might well wonder if what he really saw was a mirage. After all, it is a barely believable oasis that comes equipped with a thousand swimming pools, a nightclub built of lavender bricks and a golf club where one round could cost a guest \$12 before tips. And where else is there a water hole where the palm trees are lamp-posts, the shopkeepers are movie stars, and anybody who wants to give a chuck-wagon dinner on the desert can call up and have it catered?

All this and much more is Palm Springs, a bizarre hide-a-wee blooming on the great southwestern desert, one hundred miles east of Los Angeles. Snuggled up against the brown, barren rock mountains which wall it from the winds and shelter it from the smog, warmed by an 80° desert sun in the day, cooled to an easy-co-sleep-on 45° at night, Palm Springs has become a haven for millionaires and persistence and a winter suburb for Hollywood, a scant air hour away.

One honey hacienda is a quarter-of-a-million-dollar nook which features a built-in, time-controlled sprinkler system that wets the olive trees at 4 on Tuesdays, the palms at one on Wednesdays and automatically rains off schedule on days that are unseasonably dry. The TV set descends on electric signal from the ceiling, the foyer is covered by a sliding glass roof, there are blue-tiled diamond designs on the ice-box, and ice water flows from the head-board. The décor throughout is brass and blue, and the asking price includes a parrot imported from Africa because his yellow breast matches the metal trim and the blue of his wings is just like the house paint.

Although many a Palm Springs residence might satisfy a Saudi prince, its villagers, as they are sometimes quaintly called, live their waking hours in their clubs, which are both handsome

and high priced. One of the oldest and certainly the most famous is the Racquet Club, which was started by Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy, who bought the property in the '30s. Bellamy pulled out in favor of an oil deal, but Farrell stayed with it, made it a club in 1935. Members and guests can rent one of the 60 rooms in 15 cottages scattered over 11 acres. Rates are about \$15 to \$35 a day without food, and the woods are full of Lin and Mike, Dana and Greg, and other local versions of Hefoisie and Abellard.

A BUILT-IN WATERFALL

While the Racquet Club embraces Hollywood, the socialites play in the more raffish atmosphere of the Tennis Club, whose clubhouse offers a bar with a sunken floor so bar flies can view the courts over the barman's head, and a fireplace with a built-in waterfall that cascades down its face and courses in a modest rivulet in front of the flames.

There is nothing quite that spectacular over at society's golf grounds, the Thunderbird Country Club, unless it be Robert McCulloch's pushbutton house which, like many another extravagant abode, is built along the club's fairways. Among other necessities, the McCulloch place has an electrically controlled seven-place human Lucy Susan that revolves with the sun. Though mostly limited to high society, the Thunderbird has accepted such luminaries as Perry Como, Hoagy Carmichael, Desi and Lucy, Gordon MacRae and Ralph Kiner. Should any of these members bring guests, the greens fee is \$15, a cart (which everyone uses out here) \$12, and a caddy is \$5.

A few years ago some members of the community became so incensed over the Thunderbird's entrance requirements they bought a tract of sand and greasewood. It cost almost a million dollars, but Paul Adessi, who built the Arizona Biltmore's links, grew a magnificent greens course which

continued



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PALM SPRINGS

continued

became known as the Tamarisk Country Club. The first ball went off the fairway six months after ground was broken. Ben Hogan was brought in as pro. The present golf pro is that old terrorist Ellsworth Vinn, and the names on the lockers look like a sign on a Hollywood lot—Sinatra, Hope, Crosby, Gable, Danny Thomas, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny, the Marx Brothers and one labeled merely "Happy."

Of the old-line nests, El Mirador, built in the expansive style of the late '20s, seems to be about as agreeable and as ample as Kate Smith. For peace and seclusion there is the Inglenide, lately visited by Norman Vincent Pease, where the red-tile-topped white cottages are up to their Spanish rafters in oleander and flame vine. Although noted is a vulgar word in Palm Springs and never mentioned in public, the Oasis is a charming hotel where the newer rooms are built in a double tier around a meadow of grass linked with pool, shuffleboards and patios for tanning. A glass-enclosed dining room overlooks it all. Rooms in the original part of the Oasis Hotel across the street are as low as \$14, but, with the building of the new wing last year, the hotel now has come back to back.

Along Palm Canyon Drive, where the street lights hang from the palm trees, a stroller can buy a bag of nails at Alan Ladd's hardware store or a \$50,000 champagne diamond ring which the other day decorated the r-fringe of Andrea Leeds's trinket shop. A lady who dresses in pink, wears the handle of Miss Winsome Courtney and inhabits a pink fur store will peddle passersby a set of four golf club covers (coralcan mink, ranch mink, desert gold mink and lutetia mink) for \$100.

Meet any afternoon at 5 boy meets doll at the Doll House, a local, low-lit restaurant where the elite eats to meet. Stuffed dolls are sold at a counter, and live ones are stuffed with reasonable fare at the tables. There is a lively bar up front. After that there is the Chi-Chi, an armory built of lavender bricks which encloses a restaurant and a nightclub where Hildegard, or somebody, recites twice a night for a class of 99. Finally, in the small hours, a man can stagger into The Springs, an all-night, \$990,000 phantasmagoria-with-food, settle himself comfortably in a white bucket seat padded with a purple cushion, order a pastrami sandwich and wonder what ever happened to Beau Geste. (END)

CLIMAX ON THE COURT

A year of exciting basketball culminates in the NCAA tournament, with the big question being whether form—which has held true all season—will also decide the national champion

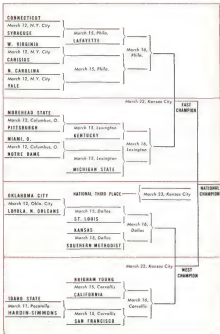
ON THE NIGHT of Feb. 11 Nebraska and Missouri were playing a close, ball-control game at Lincoln. At the start of the second half, Missouri grabbed the tip-off and all five Nebraskans hustled downcourt and conscientiously set up their zone defense. Missouri thereupon scored possibly the easiest two points in all basketball history—for Nebraska had surrounded the wrong basket.

This may have been the only truly startling surprise of the whole 1966-67 season. In just about every section of the country, form held true.

Even Iowa State's last-second defeat of Kansas could have been—indeed, was—predicted. Long before the season started, and especially after Kansas' opening game, in which Walt Chamberlain scored a record 52 points, rival coaches were hip-deep in assorted plans to stop the big man. It was inevitable that the right coaching and personnel would catch Kansas on a night when the whole team seemed unable to adapt to a new defense—which is not to minimize Iowa State's achievement. In the same vein, however, it is to Kansas Coach Dick Harp's credit that his team recovered quickly and won its conference title easily. That goes also for North Carolina, San Francisco, West Virginia, SMU and St. Louis—among others—all of whom held firm under the season-long pressure of being their league's title favorite. Kentucky, too, despite Coach Rupp's early estimate that this was his "weakest team in years," was no exception. No one, including the members of his squad, believed Rupp.

The closest approach to a conference upset was Michigan State's showing in the Big Ten—10 straight victories and an NCAA bid after three straight losses. Coach Forddy Anderson, however, is no stranger to winning basketball, as witness his series of great teams at Bradley. And Big Ten conference

(text continued on page 42)



FOUR-WAY BRACKET shows here ultimately will produce the intercollegiate champion. The speculative reader may enjoy indicating his choices in each bracket and comparing them with the results. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's staff consensus pick is Kansas.

THE COUNTRY'S TOP

IDAHO STATE

Rocky Mountain
Season: 22-5
Conference: 11-1
Coach: John Grapsan

Field goal percentage: 45.1
Free throw percentage: 69.1
Total points: 1,966; against: 1,647
Per game: 75.6; against: 65.3

JACK ALLAIN



Screen-type offense, four outside men out and split off post; strictly man-to-man defense; weak bench since recent loss of two starters through injuries.

TEXAS WESTERN

Border
Season: 15-8
Conference: 8-2
Coach: George McCarty

Field goal percentage: 38.9
Free throw percentage: 65.4
Total points: 1,599; against: 1,499
Per game: 68.3; against: 63.2

CHARLES BROWN



Withdrawn from NCAA tournament after losing four starters through ineligibility; strength in team speed, weakness is lack of height; Brown is league's top scorer.

NORTH CAROLINA

Athletic Coast
Season: 24-9
Conference: 14-0
Coach: Frank McGuire

Field goal percentage: 43.3
Free throw percentage: 79.7
Total points: 1,302; against: 1,573
Per game: 66.3; against: 65.5

LEN ROSENBLUTH



Only discernible weakness is recent loss of some reserves; excellent height, accurate, fair rebounding; Kearns fine playmaker, Rosenbluth really great shot.

MOREHEAD STATE

Ohio Valley
Season: 19-3
Conference: 9-1
Coach: Bob Laughlin

Field goal percentage: 42.0
Free throw percentage: 68.0
Total points: 2,234; against: 1,976
Per game: 83.2; against: 76.9

STEVE HAMILTON



Above average height, great speed, tops in rebounding; fast break offense; zone defense; Guard Richard Tolle is quarterback, Hamilton top scorer; weak bench.

SMU

Southwest
Season: 21-3
Conference: 12-1
Coach: E. O. (Doc) Hayes

Field goal percentage: 43.7
Free throw percentage: 79.3
Total points: 1,879; against: 1,658
Per game: 73.1; against: 63.7

JIM KREBS



Single offense puts Krebs in post with plenty of shooting room; Mills, Showalter good outside shots; prefer man-to-man defense; weakness is shallow bench.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Skyline
Season: 18-5
Conference: 11-3
Coach: Stan Watts

Field goal percentage: 35.8
Free throw percentage: 74.9
Total points: 1,841; against: 1,748
Per game: 71.8; against: 67.2

BOB STEINKE



Wins close games with excellent fast shooting; fast break, middle open on offense; man-to-man defense; strength in speed, weakness is lack of height.

SEATTLE

Independent
Season: 22-8
Coach: John Castellani

Field goal percentage: 45.7
Free throw percentage: 70.9
Total points: 1,931; against: 1,681
Per game: 86.6; against: 70.9

ELGIN BAYLOR



Strong rebounding team, with Baylor second in nation; offense built around Baylor, Stricklin or Humphries in post; good over-all height, strong bench.

CONNECTICUT

Yankee
Season: 17-7
Conference: 8-0
Coach: Hugh Goetz

Field goal percentage: 41.6
Free throw percentage: 63.6
Total points: 2,107; against: 1,819
Per game: 87.8; against: 73.5

FRAN GURIN



Fast breaking, shooting club, nation's leader in team offense; middle kept open; man-to-man defense; great speed and rebounding; bench lacks experience.

KENTUCKY

Southwestern
Season: 22-4
Conference: 12-2
Coach: Adolph Rupp

Field goal percentage: 48.6
Free throw percentage: 69.7
Total points: 2,191; against: 1,781
Per game: 84.2; against: 68.5

VERNON HATTEN



Fast break offense; man-to-man defense; shift in action in rebounds despite only fair height; strength is over-all speed; weakness is lack of depth.

LOUISVILLE

Independent
Season: 21-5
Coach: Bernard Hickman

Field goal percentage: 48.0
Free throw percentage: 74.0
Total points: 2,549; against: 1,770
Per game: 85.7; against: 68.1

CHARLIE TYRA



Excellent rebounding, Tyra near top in nation; man-to-man defense, pattern offense around single post; only fair speed; shallow bench; lacks one great shot.

TWENTY TEAMS

Here are statistics and capsule comments on conference champions and some standout independents, most of whom play in either the NCAA or NIT tournaments this week

ST. LOUIS Manner Valley Season: 19-7 Conference: 12-2 Coach: Ed Hickey	HAROLD GLENN Field goal percentage: 41.6 Free throw percentage: 70.0 Total points: 2,031; against: 1,858 Per game: 78.1; against: 71.5	 Three-line fast break offense or three-out, two-in-corner pattern with middle open; man-to-man defense; strong rebounding; shallow bench; good speed.
MICHIGAN STATE Big Ten Season: 14-8 Conference: 10-4 Coach: Forrest Anderson	JOHNNY GREEN Field goal percentage: 38.8 Free throw percentage: 63.8 Total points: 1,634; against: 1,531 Per game: 54.3; against: 49.5	 Late-season surge emphasizes key strength—team spirit; weakness is lack of big man; driving offense; man-to-man defense; balanced first five, good bench.
DAYTON Independent Season: 18-8 Coach: Tom Blackburn	AL SIKORING Field goal percentage: 38.4 Free throw percentage: 61.6 Total points: 1,690; against: 1,567 Per game: 72.3; against: 60.8	 One of top 10 in nation in rebounding; offense run off single pivot, rarely fast break; both zone and man-to-man defense; lacks consistency and depth.
KANSAS Big Seven Season: 21-2 Conference: 11-1 Coach: Dick Harp	WILT CHAMBERLAIN Field goal percentage: 39.6 Free throw percentage: 64.6 Total points: 1,648; against: 1,347 Per game: 72.1; against: 56.6	 Fifth in team defense; Lonsford relieving pressure on Chamberlain on offense; Elston line outside shot; only weakness is tendency to lose point.
YALE Ivy Season: 18-7 Conference: 12-2 Coach: Joe Varrilla	JOHNNY LEE Field goal percentage: 35.6 Free throw percentage: 61.3 Total points: 1,740; against: 1,616 Per game: 69.3; against: 64.6	 Two excellent shots in Lee and Downes; Robinson, good off boards; lacks height and experience for Robinson; overall speed poor; 10th in nation in rebounding.
SAN FRANCISCO California Season: 18-6 Conference: 12-2 Coach: Phil Woolpert	GENE BROWN Field goal percentage: 34.7 Free throw percentage: 68.1 Total points: 1,516; against: 1,292 Per game: 63.2; against: 55.1	 Key strength is pressing man-to-man defense; single-post offense, warm, double screens; fair speed, height; lacks experience; Brown is play-maker.
WEST VIRGINIA Southern Season: 22-4 Conference: 12-0 Coach: Fred Schrau	BOB HUNTER Field goal percentage: 41.4 Free throw percentage: 70.2 Total points: 2,247; against: 1,915 Per game: 66.4; against: 70.3	 Excellent speed allows running offense, some plays around single pivot; varied defense; sound experience, good depth, adequate height; no glaring weaknesses.
MIAMI (OHIO) Mid-American Season: 17-7 Conference: 11-1 Coach: Bill Rohr	WAYNE EMBRY Field goal percentage: 36.4 Free throw percentage: 61.6 Total points: 1,926; against: 1,729 Per game: 68.3; against: 72.3	 Good height, strong rebounding; offense built around Embry in post; both zone and man-to-man defense; strong bench; weaknesses are lack of speed, accuracy.
MEMPHIS STATE Independent Season: 21-5 Coach: Bob Vanatta	WIL WILSON Field goal percentage: 43.5 Free throw percentage: 74.8 Total points: 2,237; against: 2,028 Per game: 66.0; against: 78.4	 Nine top in accuracy and team offense; uses fast break and patterns; man-to-man defense; Jack Brubaker is play-maker; lacks height, real speed and reserves.
CALIFORNIA Pacific Coast Season: 20-4 Conference: 14-2 Coach: Pete Newell	EARL ROBINSON Field goal percentage: 39.3 Free throw percentage: 65.3 Total points: 1,632; against: 1,375 Per game: 68.0; against: 57.3	 Proving man-to-man defense, Newell specialty, is key characteristic; well-balanced pattern offense; Robinson is quarterback; only fair rebounding.

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COURT CLIMAX

continued from page 53

battles are always close affairs, regardless of the particular sport. This year, loss of players through scholastic ineligibility (especially at Illinois) made the race even tighter and Michigan State's strong bench and high morale (see p. 51) were the deciding factors.

Speaking of coaches, the old master, Hank Iba—in his 22nd year at Oklahoma A&M—continued to demonstrate his skill in the one area of the game where a coach's ability to teach is incontrovertibly evident: defense. A&M again led the nation in team efficiency in this department. That defense alone does not always win ball games (A&M's record was 17-9) is beside the point.

In a year, finally, in which consistency appeared to be the keynote, little Lawrence College of Appleton, Wis. has, sadly, clear title to some kind of award. Its record of 9-16 in the Midwest Conference and 9-20 for the season was consistency with a vengeance, though, surely, involuntary.

If form continues to hold, next weekend will find these four teams playing for the national championship in Kansas City—California, Kansas, Kentucky and North Carolina. No team in the eastern draw seems capable of snuffing Carolina and the same is true of California in the Far West. In the Southwest the key game is Kansas vs. SMU on March 15 in Dallas. Here will be staged the keenly anticipated duel between All-Americans Jim Krebs and Chamberlain, but a reasonably sound prediction is that the result of this personal combat will not decide the winner. On the fair assumption that these two giants cancel each other out, the game will hinge on whether the outside shooting of SMU's Mills and Showalter can score faster than the driving of Kansas' Leonaki and King. SMU's Coach Doc Hays may have one tactical surprise up his sleeve: he may pull Krebs out of the post and anchor him in a corner. Then Kansas Coach Harp will have to decide whether to forgo Chamberlain's incalculable value as a rebounder by sending him out after Krebs.

In the midwestern draw, Kentucky will have its hands full with Morehead State if State, as it should, beats Pittsburgh in the opening round. But tournament victory has long been a habit with Kentucky and a loss would be a definite upset.

Dark horses? There are two: St. Louis and Brigham Young. (E&E)

• HORSE RACING

An invader captures the Louisiana Derby, and a lady's pet finds gold in California against backgrounds of

TRADITION AND MUD

THE SPECTACLE at the Fair Grounds in the old days must have been beautiful to behold. The aristocracy of New Orleans—a gay mixture of French, Spanish, Creole and American—wheeled down avenues of live oaks in barouches and tallyhoes on their way to the races. The best Thoroughbreds in America were summoned to the post by plantation bells (the predecessor of the bugle), but even the presence of the leading horses and foremost jockeys didn't—for years anyway—alter the tradition that going to the races in Louisiana was a happy social custom. So overcome, in fact, was the racing reporter for the old New Orleans *Picayune* one fine spring day in 1873 that he described with ecstasy the scene at what is today the Fair Grounds racetrack: "The grandstand was a picture of unusual beauty, especially the dress circle division, where silks, satins, new bonnets and their attendants were interesting in lovely profusion . . . and the man who could walk along the front way and cast a glance at the fair faces in the west end of the grand pavilion without feeling that he was in the land of the blessed and the home of the prettiest women on earth ought to be ruled off the course. . . ."

Going to the races in New Orleans is still considered a gay social event and, on the final Saturday, as the Fair Grounds last week wound up its long 81-day meeting, there were even more pretty women with fair faces than a visitor would have found 84 years ago. But there was a certain amount of disappointment, too, for those in the big crowd who hoped to watch the local favorites show their superiority. The cause of it all was a visiting colt named Federal Hill, who had just flown in from Hialeah and proceeded to run off with the \$49,100 Louisiana Derby for 3-year-olds. Rangoons (13,445 of them) made Beaujeune and Shan Pac—the latter on a six-race win streak—the favorites in this mile-and-a-furlong run, but from the minute the gates opened it was Federal Hill all the way,

carrying top weight of 123 pounds to a length-and-a-half victory over Shan Pac (114 pounds) in 1:49½, which equals the Fair Grounds' record. Owner Clifford Lusk, a paint manufacturer from Louisville, has nominated Federal Hill to all the major 3-year-old classics, but the brown son of Cosmic Bomb just doesn't look as though he is capable of handling a real distance. In the Flamingo he was beaten 17 lengths by Bold Ruler, and in the Louisiana Derby he was looking for a chair at the finish, as the saying goes. There are no resting chairs an eighth of a mile from the finish of the Kentucky Derby.

To the racing fans of New Orleans, the minor and temporary disappointment of watching their Derby go to an outsider was as nothing compared to their more permanent racing troubles. Nowadays the Fair Grounds—like tracks in so many other states—is involved in a grim struggle for survival against tax-hungry city and state politicians, and its future is as uncertain as that of any track anywhere.

"We don't like to be subject to the whim of elections every few years," says General Manager Gar Moore, who would like nothing better than to schedule the erection of a new double-decked grandstand and an expanded parking area. "We aren't issued our racing dates until two months before our Thanksgiving opening. With this sort of insecurity, how can you plan to spend millions of dollars on improvements when you don't know from one year to the next if you'll be operating—or for how long?"

No matter what happens, the Fair Grounds can look back on 84 years of organized racing which have contributed some historic moments to U.S. turf history and have always provided a lot of fun.

There was the time, for instance, at the 1872 opening meeting that the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia had such a view of an afternoon at the Louisiana Jockey Club, where, so the report goes, the champagne flowed like water, that

His Highness hastened to cancel an evening appearance at the Academy of Music. On another liquid occasion a horse named Carter was said to have been stimulated by a full quart of whiskey. It isn't clear just how much of the whiskey Carter polished off, but the record shows that his jockey, after "unruly behavior at the post," fell off.

Today, Fair Grounds devotees still enjoy such stories of the good old days almost as much as they do their horse racing. The future may be uncertain for them, but the past is golden.

—WHITNEY TOWER

WHEN THE RACE, the grueling mile-and-three-quarter San Juan Capistrano on the rain-soaked grass at Santa Anita, was over, Trainer Charlie Whittingham was ready to award his winning 4-year-old Corn Husker more than the victor's blanket of red and white carnations. "This horse, if he puts on another hundred pounds, could become another Swaps," he proclaimed gravely.

Even if Corn Husker is not precisely another Swaps, he at least demonstrated Saturday that he is the undisputed champion of this year's Santa Anita meeting. It was his fourth win of the season and was made under conditions that might have unnerved a ferryboat captain. The track was alternately drenched with cloudbursts and thunderstorms from a wild Pacific.

The race also set to rest the surmise that Corn Husker swept the \$100,000 Handicap two weeks ago only because he got in the gate with a featherly 105 pounds. He had to carry a respectable 116 for the Capistrano and, although he beat Maturity winner Spinney by only a head, he had nonetheless humbled the best colts in the West, plus six foreign-breds—three from the Argentine, two from England and one from France.

Corn Husker, as usual, was greeted lordly in the winner's circle by Owner Lix Whitney Dunn, who treats horses as pets, not breadwinners, albeit they have won her \$288,750 in a year. Lix busily wiped her horse's mouth of mud and, when someone asked her why she didn't repeat the favor for Jockey Eddie Arcaro, who was at least as splattered, she snapped sweetly: "Eddie can wipe his own mouth."

Afterwards, Arcaro was more guarded than Charlie Whittingham in his praise of Corn Husker: "He stopped running, turning for home," said Eddie, "but then he started running again. He might be a good one, at that."

—JAMES MURRAY

In Washington, D.C. last week Congress and the North American Wildlife Conference gave all outdoorsmen

CAUSE TO CHEER

Here with a report by Correspondent Mark Sullivan of the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Washington bureau:

OUTDOORSMEN, for some time discouraged in efforts to preserve their diminishing recreational resources, last week were considerably cheered by two developments.

First, in the 85th Congress, now only two months old, bills relating to outdoor resources and activities reached a record 1,800.

Second, at the 22nd North American Wildlife Conference held in Washington, D.C., Administration officials disclosed a fresh and enlightened approach to conservation problems.

Not all of these bills presented to Congress will pass and some are even undesirable, but many are deserving of notice. One of the most controversial is the Wilderness Preservation System Act, designed to keep already established wilderness areas inviolate forever. Another would require all hunting and fishing on military reservations to be in accordance with state law, and hence would do away with complaints that in some areas military personnel tend to harvest game in cavalier disregard of local laws and wardens. Other bills would, if ever passed, earmark huge sums of money to bolster flagging wildlife and outdoor recreational facilities.

At the wildlife conference, conservation's major annual conclave, some 1,500 state game commission members, wildlife technicians, representatives of federal agencies, hunters and anglers were pleased with the news that the sticky dispute in which the Army tried to preempt 10,700 acres of the Wichita Mountains National Wildlife Refuge in Oklahoma as a firing range had just been resolved, with the refuge virtually intact.

This victory was one of several attributed by the delegates to the vigorous policies of the new Secretary of the Interior, Fred A. Seaton. These policies were affirmed by Ross Laffer,



ASSISTANT SECRETARY ROSS LAFFER

the nation's first Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife (under the recent reorganization of the Fish and Wildlife Service—SI, June 28). Laffer, an energetic Pennsylvanian of 78, for years a national conservation figure and former assistant to the president of U.S. Steel, delivered a rousing address that put the Interior Department squarely on the side of the conservationists.

"We have as a nation," Laffer stated, "wasted and squandered our migratory bird resources and habitat on which they must depend for existence. . . . It is downright appalling to add up the score and find that about 70% of our original wetlands [potholes, marshes, deltas, etc.] have either been destroyed or eliminated an effective habitat.

"Why have we as a nation been so destructive. . . ? I'll tell you why. We have been too damned anxious to get every last dollar return out of every acre of land and every drop of water. And this," said the new Assistant Secretary, "is where we start in the building of a bright new program for conservation."

The cheers were as roaring as the speech. And later SPORTS ILLUSTRATED asked Laffer a number of questions

bearing on the Administration's fresh outlook:

Q. What is to become of fish and game opportunities in this country?

A. I am not a pessimist on this point. I think the answer lies in better management of available habitat. . . . I do not object to the idea of shooting preserves. . . . but I think you have to think in terms of hunting and fishing for everybody, not just a select few.

Q. In view of increasing hunting and fishing pressures do you feel that the use of airplanes to gain access to remote areas should be banned?

A. I think it is a good thing to ban airplanes from going into some, not all, areas. At Quetico-Superior wilderness area, I recall, where airplanes have been banned, opponents of the ban said that without airplanes the area would go to pot. Well, I understand that there are more canoeists, more outfitters and more use of the area than before the planes were banned.

Q. Does the Assistant Secretary believe that industry is becoming more conservation-minded?

A. Yes. I attended a water pollution meeting recently in Harrisburg, Pa. People came all the way from Maine. That certainly shows interest. . . . Good conservation is good business management. Look at the enormous tree-planting program of Weyerhaeuser and Crown Zellerbach, for example. I do not say that it is universally the case that industry everywhere is conservation-conscious, but I think it is becoming ever more so.

Q. How big is the new Fish and Wildlife Service program you have mentioned going to be?

A. It is going to be the most comprehensive plan . . . ever attempted. We will have our first study report in May. . . . It will be a cooperative effort, a kind of three-way stretch between the Federal Government, the states and the various conservation groups. . . . But let me add something that I think is important and about which nobody has asked my opinion. We must also think of wildlife from its esthetic point of view. . . . We have got to think of the future. Where will we have to go in the outdoors in the future? Will our recreation be in the barroom or the outdoors, and which will make the better citizen . . . ?

On that somewhat evangelistic note the conference came to an end. The outdoorsman still has battles ahead, but with both Congress and the Administration taking a sympathetic view he could rightly feel that they were half won. (SI 8)

In his debut on American snow, the pride of Austria proved that the fastest skis in the world belong to

SAILER THE SUPERB

ALITTLE OVER a year ago in Cortina, Italy, a Hollywood-handsome young Austrian did something no other skier has done before him or is likely to do after him. In five short days, Toni Sailer of Kitzbühel won gold medals in the Olympic slalom, downhill and giant slalom, and became the world's most famous athlete—at least for a while.

Three weeks ago, at the invitation of his friend Friedl Pfeifer, co-director of the Aspen Ski School, Sailer flew to Colorado and gave American skiers their first chance to analyze the world's fastest self-propelled human.

In his first week in the U.S., he made

a shambles of every race he entered. Three days off the plane, he won the Roth Cup giant slalom by four seconds, and the next day he won the slalom with an incredible second run that made the rest of the field look like weekend skiers. He ran six seconds better than the next man and his performance drew a traveling shock wave of sound from the crowd which climaxed in a thunder-clap about as he shot across the finish.

The town of Aspen, which has seen good skiers come and go in the past 10 years, went out of its way to pay respects. One night half the village squeezed into the taproom of the Golden Horn to cheer as Sailer was pro-

cessed with a 10-gallon hat and made an honorary sheriff of Pitkin County.

But while everyone was ready to admit Toni's skiing mastery, no one seemed able to explain it, and Toni was little help. After one race he was asked—with reporters hanging on every word—just what it was that made him so good. "You have to like it," he said with a grin.

Watching him slam down the mountain, many skiers have concluded that the secret lies in his lightning-fast reactions. This is an easy conclusion to reach. His ankles and legs are like precision machines adjusting flawlessly to the most drastic dropoffs and performing contortions (see below) that might snap the legs of an ordinary skier. Yet no one is prepared to say that top U.S. skier Bud Werner cannot match him, move for move, in pure reaction speed.

Isn't Sailer's mystery of the Austrian racing style that makes him head and shoulders above everyone else? The Austrians' style is no secret. They have developed a method that combines a minimum of arm and upper body movement with extremely fluid leg action—a method that is used by all of the top racers.

The extreme form of the Austrian style is a series of small linked turns called *wedels* (literally, "the wiggle"). And, according to Fred Iselin, Pfeifer's co-director, more nonsense has been written about *wedels* than anything in skiing. Part of this nonsense is that Toni Sailer wins with *wedels*. Actually all top racers can *wedels*, and the technique as such is useful only in limited situations in racing. It would be closer to the truth to say that the whole technique on which *wedels* is built, the Austrian, is superior for racing, and that the Austrians, being best at it, are the world's top racers.

Toni tends to agree. Watching some of his international competitors he commented absently, "Too cramped." Then he tapped his thighs. "It should be loose and light here."

This weekend Sailer is due to join his fellow Austrians Josef Rieder and Andreas Molterer at Stowe, Vt. for the biggest race of the year. The French, Swiss, Italians and Norwegians will be there, but the fight will be—as it has been in Europe all year—between the Austrians. And that, according to Sailer, is the main reason he is as good as he is.

"They push me," Sailer said earnestly. "There are 10 in my country behind me all the time. When we race each other, it's life and death." **ENJOY**



SLAMMING THROUGH a slalom gate at Aspen, Colo., Austria's Toni Sailer shows the tremendous drive he used to win three gold medals at the Olympic Games last year.

WINGS OF THE RED

Howe and Lindsay are their names, and for the 11th straight year they are the driving spark of the great Detroit hockey team that Jack (Adams) built

IN THE beach motor metropolis of Detroit, where all industry and seemingly all life revolves around auto-making, tradition is eyed with suspicion. "Last year's sales records don't sell 1967 models," they tell you at the Detroit Athletic Club, social headquarters of the auto world.

The same attitude pervades an equally successful Detroit industry—that of producing championship hockey teams. Perhaps that is why no other city can claim a more consistently winning hockey tradition (if you will excuse the expression) than the one assembled by that city's ever-changing Red Wings.

"Sure I'm proud of our record if I want to stop and look back at it. But that doesn't win tonight's game or this year's championship," says Jack Adams, the Wings' gruff, retired general manager, who arrived in town during the big auto boom of the mid-'30s and began assembling hockey teams superior even to the models produced

in Canada. Since the modern period of the National Hockey League began in 1926, none of Adams' rivals has won more championships (11), more Stanley Cups (7) or reached the cup playoffs more successive times (this being the 19th straight year).

In Adams' formula for success there are several other ingredients as important as his indifference toward tradition. One is enthusiasm. After 40 years in top professional hockey, 10 as a star player and the last 30 as Detroit's general manager, Adams still comes up on his toes every time the Wings play. His emotional reaction is such that for the past decade he has wisely refrained from viewing the final periods of any close games. At home games he'll retire to his office and watch the game on television; on the road or during crucial playoff spots, he'll hurry out of the stadium for nervous walks during which he badgers cab drivers for the latest score via radio. Like any old-timer, he'll reminisce if one insists, but

he'd rather talk about the next game or next season.

At the age of 61 Adams tolerates no discussion of retirement: "What would I do if I got out of here? Way, after two weeks in Florida following the playoffs I'm a caged bear." His dictatorial grasp on the widespread farm chain and the "big team" which he so carefully nurtured is as strong as ever.

Along with Adams' enthusiasm goes a headhoned approach to the business of making hockey pay. He does so by applying two fundamental tenets which he puts this way: "We sell season tickets on the basis that you'll be seeing the champs play" and "Hockey is the greatest spectator sport in the world—it's a man's game, but it's best for women because the basic rules are so simple that it's easy to understand." This kind of thinking has brought him a home town following as loyal and rabid as any in sports.

In adapting the thinking and methods of Detroit to the business of hockey, Adams has gambled continually with change-over models. Numerous times he has stripped down his classy championship teams with trades; then with a re-styled team he has come right back the following season with a winning product. Success has almost silenced his ever-ready critics, but Adams acknowledges them with a stock rebuttal: "I make these deals only to strengthen this club and sentiment can't be involved. We were sentimental ones and stood pat with our 1936-'37 championship teams. The next year they collapsed, and we missed the playoffs—for the last time."

As usual, Adams has another contender on the market this season. His Wings, after taking and losing first place five times since October 11, finally assumed the lead on January 24 and have never since been headed by either Montreal's colorful Canadians, the defending champions, or Boston's surprisingly hard-to-shake Bruins—the two most persistent challengers. Still the season has had novelty inasmuch



FIRST LINE of this year's Red Wings are (from left) Ted Lindsay, Gordie Howe and Norman Ullman. Latter is the most recent owner to play between these perennial stars.

WINGS

by MARSHALL DANN

as Detroit isn't defending a single title. Los Canadiens ended Detroit's seven-year reign as NHL champs and their two-time hold on the Stanley Cup by sweeping both honors last spring.

While continually redesigning his teams throughout his amazing run of titles, Adams has retained two players of prolific and apparently permanent scoring habits—Right Wing Gordie Howe and Left Wing Ted Lindsay. Each has already earned the ultimate hockey accolade of super star and, along with Captain Red Kelly, a comparable star on defense, and Marty Pavelich, a utility forward, Howe and Lindsay have spent 10 or more seasons in the red-and-white uniform. An Adams abbreviation it, they are the x in his x plus y equals z formula. This equation is translated into x as the untouchable nucleus of a winner, y as the hustling young players who surround him, and z , of course, as victory.

To illustrate what two such players as Howe and Lindsay can do for a team, they have combined to score roughly one-third of all Red Wing goals over the past nine seasons.

Jimmy Skinner, the cherubic coach who has piloted Detroit for the past three years, self-effacingly sums up the advantages of having two such players in his lineup by saying, "I can look like the greatest coach in hockey just by opening the gate and sending Gordie and Ted on the ice."

The quiet and the noisy

The phrase "Howe and Lindsay" has given them a sort of twin identification which they have even carried over into their lives, yet these two linemates and roommates are a rink-length apart in appearance and disposition. Howe is a slope-shouldered 204-pounder with tremendous power, amazing agility and lightning reflexes. An outgoing natural in any sport, Howe thinks of hockey—even the rough, tough professional version—as strictly a game. The day he landed on the club he booked up with the sunny little 5 foot 8,



RED WING NEXT is tended with headle care by General Manager Jack Adams, whose feedings make him so nervous he very seldom sits through a complete hockey game.

168 pound) Lindsay, already a recognized star, and they've been buddies ever since. For several years the retiring Howe was comfortable only when a joint interview was arranged. "I'll let Ted do the talking," he would remark and then sit back as an onlooker while Lindsay answered questions for both. Lindsay also did the selecting, everything from Gordie's first automobile to the size of the pregame steaks. Their association will continue after hockey, too, for they are partners along with Pavelich in a thriving young Detroit industrial concern supplying engineering services to auto manufacturers.

Early in their careers they were united with Sid Abel, then a veteran center, on a line which became one of the best-known and highest scoring units in hockey history. It was called, with good reason, the production line. This threesome was such a smashing success that Abel's career was prolonged considerably and he reaped a

flock of honors long after he expected to retire. Now a radio-TV commentator for Detroit's home games, Abel has said, "And I still could center them today, even if I had to play in a rocking chair."

Since Abel's retirement in 1962, Howe and Lindsay have continued to click with nine different centers running from Abel to the latest choice, Norm Ulfren, a chunky youngster who was just starting grammar school when Lindsay first joined the Wings. Significantly, Aldo Dellecchia and Dutch Reibel, Detroit's two other regular centers this season, were both groomed at the coveted spot ahead of Ulfren. They learned their lessons so well that they were then handed lines of their own to develop, but they are always ready in case a trained replacement is required in an emergency.

"Actually, it is tough for a new center to play between them," Abel points

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THE RED WINGS

continued

out. "They are both unorthodox, criss-crossing on the ice so that no one really is a right wing, a center or a left wing. The man centering for them has to learn quickly to forget all the regular rules about playing center and just let them freewheel and adapt himself to it." Yet the statistics show that there is not an ice chip's difference in the Howe-Lindsay results, no matter who their center happens to be.

Despite all the evidence to the contrary, Jack Adams modestly attributes much of the Red Wings' success in assembling their winning teams—and particularly Howe and Lindsay—to luck.

"Look at the luck we had in landing a player like Lindsay, another like Howe and another like Kelly," he said recently. "Howe was invited to a Ranger tryout camp one year but became discouraged when told that he might as well go home because he'd never be a hockey player. A year later he had

developed so much that no scout possibly could have overlooked him, but we had him sewed up by then. Then there were Lindsay and Kelly playing on Toronto kid teams in the Maple Leafs' backyard. The Leafs' scout missed them, but ours didn't. Then there was more luck in getting all three at the same time when they were young enough to build a team around. You bet I'm proud of this team and my part in it, but I have to be honest with you and say I'm mighty thankful that I've been able to make a success of what luck provided."

The quick jump

Howe is middle-aged as hockey players go. At 28 (he'll be 29 on March 31) he is in his 11th season and defers to only four players in the league in seniority. The heavily muscled Westerner from Saskatchewan hit the NHL with a minimum of preliminaries after his turnaround by the Rangers, and Adams will never forget his first look at the raw product. "We had a flock of young kids in at training camp and I couldn't

AND NOW THE STANLEY CUP

The team that is in first place when the National Hockey League season ends on March 24 will win a little-known piece of hardware called the Prince of Wales Trophy. But the season will by no means be over. Two days later the league's top four teams will begin three weeks of Stanley Cup playoffs in which the first- and third-place teams and the second- and fourth-place teams tangle in two best-of-seven series. (This year — barring the unforeseen — it will be Detroit against Boston in one, Montreal against New York in the other.) The winners then meet in a final four-game series and for the cup — a battered trophy which represents the real professional hockey title.

Hockey people consider this poster to the regular season extremely valuable. Club owners appreciate the added gate receipts, players the monetary incentives the league supplies, and fans the *revenge* afforded to teams which fared poorly in the regular season because of slumps or injuries. Fourteen league champions have been upset in Stanley Cup play in the last 30 years, and, due to the cup's prestige, the league title has consequently been referred to little more than an *aspirin* season.

To predict the eventual winner of the cup now is to dance on thin ice. Detroit and Montreal should be co-favorites this year. The Red Wings have been rebuilt around their "superstar" wings, Howe and Lindsay (see above). With the help of the league's best defense, the Wings took over first place in January and were still clinging to it with

only six games to play, despite a late-season slump coinciding with a final rush by Montreal. The Canadiens, spearheaded by Maurice Richard and Jean Beliveau, have the most powerful scoring machine in the league (three 30-goal players, headed by three 13- to 20-goal men) and a sturdy defense that is also offensively potent and an outstanding goalender in Jacques Lemaire. This is virtually the same team which blasted the Wings from their perch atop the league last year and went on to win the Stanley Cup. Against Detroit, the Canadiens have a 4-3-4 record.

Among the leaders this year has been a perennial also-ran, Boston. Bruins Coach Milt Schmidt has molded and inspired a group of veterans, rookies and rookies into a surprisingly well-coordinated outfit which led the league in early months and continues to harry the leaders. They have no superstars, but they do hold a slight season's edge (6-4-2) over their probable first-round opponent, Detroit — and could provide this year's Stanley Cup upset.

The New York Rangers are the little engine that thinks it can. They have baffled and baffled their way past Toronto into fourth place — their better stated with pure fight by Coach Phil Watson. They have the league's weakest defense and comparatively poor scoring — except as provided by Andy Bathcock. Beaten regularly by Detroit and Montreal, the Rangers hope to meet Boston, over whom they hold a 7-4-1 season's edge, in the opening round of cup play.

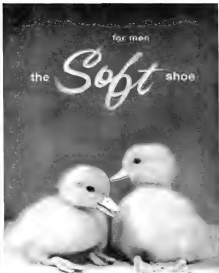
take my eyes off a big rangy one," he recalls. "I called him over and asked his name. 'Gordon Howe,' he drawled back and added, 'But I'm no relation to that other Howe over there.' I told the kid that if he worked hard, some day he might be as good as Syd Howe, one of our best forwards at the time. But honestly I never dreamed that he'd do it."

Technical ineptitude prevented Howe from playing with the junior amateur farm club to which he was assigned that season, and by the next year he was too good for that level. So he was signed to a pro contract for Omaha in the now-defunct United States League. His jump from juvenile to pro was about as startling as a Little League baseballer leaping to the majors. One season at Omaha was all Howe required in the way of pre-NHL grooming, for already the signs of greatness were showing through. Hap Day, Toronto's general manager, will vouch for that. "I took a scouting whirl around that league and spotted this youngster who could do everything," Day confesses. "He kept the puck about 25% of the time, outlaking forwards, crashing through defenses and firing shots the goalie never saw. After one period I was convinced that here was the best player outside the NHL and probably better than most in it. I checked up in a hurry only to find that Detroit had him sewed up tight. At least I've got the satisfaction of knowing I was right the first time I ever saw him."

Howe didn't hit his real scoring stride until his fourth season with Detroit and then a near tragedy in the opening game of the playoffs that spring almost ended his career. Critically injured in a collision at the boards with Toronto's Ted Kennedy, Howe underwent an early-morning emergency brain operation which doctors believe saved his life. While Howe and Adams emphatically deny it, reports persist that Howe has played ever since "with handcuffs"—under orders not to get into stick fights and other rough stuff. The infrequency of his fighting probably is due more to the respect all rivals hold for the speed and power in his legs than to any caution on his part. There was considerable controversy at the time over Kennedy's role in the mishap, but Howe's reaction was typical of him: "I don't remember what happened but I guess I sure looked bad on the play, eh?"

Extreme modesty has characterized Howe ever since he has been accepted

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THE RED WINGS

continued

as one of the outstanding players of all time. The dexterity of his stick-work and the finesse and power of his shooting still amaze expert hockey men, but Howe seems more amazed because other players can't do the same. Following a game which Howe won with an exceptional play, his response when pressed for details was "Oh, I just shot it at the net and it went in." There was no change in attitude, expression or tone the next night when he failed on a far easier shot which would have been decisive. "I guess I just missed," was his laconic reply.

This combative manner carries over into the ice where Howe is a cool exception to the usual hypertension of hockey. Like many natural athletes, he achieves the difficult with such graceful ease that it often appears as if he were only half trying. Frequent criticism has been heard that he doesn't have enough "fire in the belly," hockey lingo for competitive desire. Howe vigorously dissents, claiming, "I'm trying every minute I'm on the ice. But some nights my legs are light and other nights they're heavy. I'm sure it has something to do with second wind, maybe nature's way of keeping you from burning yourself out." Whether he'll admit it or not, Howe does play his best in late stages of close games and at his worst late in games already wrapped up by a decisive score.

By a rather complicated sort of reasoning, the observation was made earlier this season that Howe already might be over the hill as a hockey player. The record book was quoted as reference, showing that he had topped the 50-total-point level four years in a row and the 40-goal mark three straight times but had failed to do either in the past two seasons. Genuinely surprised when questioned, Howe said, "I never looked at it that way but I'd sure hate to think my future was all behind me." A more complete answer came in his subsequent performance. Howe spotted Montreal's Jean Beliveau a 12-point lead in the individual scoring race about Christmas time. Then started another of his typical last-half surges when earned himself to the top. With only 9 games left to play he was leading the league both in goals, with 39, and total points, with 79.

Howe was only 28 when he became the youngest winner of the Art Ross Trophy as league scoring champion and kept it for the next four years. He

was also voted the Hart Trophy twice in succession as the League's most valuable player. It was natural that he also should fill the right wing position on the official All-Star team, yet this selection touched off a bitter debate among hockey fans, and it still goes on. In achieving that honor, Howe nudged out Montreal's Maurice (The Rocket) Richard who had filled the berth for the six previous years due to his fabulous scoring feats. Here was The Rocket, widely hailed as the greatest of them all, losing top billing at his own position to a youth of 23.

The endless debate

Hockey's most stimulating hot-stove argument is still over the question: who is better, Richard or Howe? In the last eight seasons each has been on the first All-Star team four times. Perhaps Howe may some day become the leading scorer in history, but Richard still holds that ranking and is fast approaching the 500-goal target. Howe, second only to Richard in the record books, trails by some 149 but is seven years younger. So time is in his favor. Both men are understandably shy about discussing such a comparison. Howe's stock reply is: "Richard is a great player. He must be. Look at his record. I wish I had 488 goals." The Rocket takes about the same line: "Many people have tried to start a feud between us, they say I don't like Howe. It's not true. He is a great hockey player. If I had to make any comment about the guy it would be that he doesn't seem to go all out every time he's out there. If he did, there's no telling what he might do to the record book."

Adams is vocal about this comparison, although his stand may vary from day to day. He has stated from many banquet tables that "Howe is the greatest player I ever have seen or hope to see. Richard can't carry his stick." Then he also has shifted gears in picking his personal all-time all-star team by planting Howe at right wing and then shockingly insisting: "Richard is a natural left wing so I'll list him at that position." This looks like a rebuff to his own Lindsay, hockey's highest scoring left winger and a seven-time All-Star.

The relationship between the fiery Lindsay and his equally fiery boss has become somewhat delicate in recent years. Always a tempestuous player, Ted was under attack for a while because he drew so many penalties. "A man can't score from the penalty box," Adams would say, yet Lindsay still

continued



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JOHN FRASER: THIS STRANGE FRATERNITY
Sins:

I agree with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that charges of corruption against a basketball official in ANY conference should be made public and investigated (Basketball: *The Fix Again?*, SI, March 4). Whether the charges which your magazine has made against John K. Fraser, Missouri Valley Conference basketball official, are valid is something for investigators to decide. The important thing, it seems to me, is that the charges have been made public.

But, I implore the editors to give some serious consideration to publishing the fact that there are an overwhelming majority of us basketball officials who are honest.

I'm afraid . . . your fine article gave the "big-boy-no" spectators what they think is a leg to stand on when they ridicule our judgment in some future games.

If you will, tell them how many thousands of us there are in this strange fraternity; tell them how we read and send crazy rules which change almost as frequently as the seasons of the year; tell them how and why we hold regular meetings to discuss play situations and mechanics; tell them how many years good officials worked in YMCA and church leagues before they developed the know-how of position, judgment and courage to move up the ladder to high school and then college officiating; tell them that it is not a business with us, but a hobby; tell them, if you can, how I feel to have thousands of screaming partisans perpetrating their wrath at your striped skirt, with the official knowing full well that not one person in one hundred knows the mechanics, technique, style or rules of the game of basketball; tell them about the investment in time and money we make to pursue our hobby (very few basketball officials can count as their fun for the major part of their livelihood); tell them about the tens we have to take to become legally qualified; tell them about the fear miles we run during the course of every game. . . .

Perhaps it would make our job a little easier, a little more fun, and a little more appreciated if many of your readers understood us. I hope that this week when I'm officiating at the State Finals in Lincoln, Nebraska that some inane spectator doesn't throw your article in my face! Think about it.

LLOYD BEAN, President
Nebr.-Jewett Coaches &
Officials Association

Concha

● The editors concur wholeheartedly with Mr. Berg's eloquent statements on the tireless, exacting and selfless work demanded and given by virtually every basketball official and also agree that in the case of John Fraser the important thing is that the charges have now been made public. See page 18 for further details.—ED.

JOHN FRASER: REVISION IN THE VALLEY
Sins:

Here's hoping your fine article ends attempts at fixing basketball games in the

Missouri Valley Conference. The Valley seems destined to revive their methods of selecting referees.

AARON GOLDMAN

Stillwater, Okla.

JOHN FRASER: TOOTS 'EM AS HE SEES 'EM
Sins:

I am a charter subscriber and I regret the incorpore and photographic skill and writing talent of your men. But, like all of us in the trade, they need to go out and have a good bath once in a while.

The piece about Johnny Fraser is a case in point. I have seen him work many, many times and I'll take him in preference to any official you can name. He is alert, fast on the referees, honest and impartial.

Johnny worked high school games around here for years, still does. He is one of four or five of the 40 or 50 we see each season who is known as a "non-honer." In the Big Ten, in particular, that means a tremendous lot, because there is no league in the country where the home team gets more breaks. And that is not to say that the "honors" are crooks. They are just more subtly swayed by the home bias.

I'd say that if Fraser were booked into Oklahoma A&M, for instance, the odds on A&M against anybody ought to shift by at least 10 points. He is one of the very few who can stand up to that howling, noisy Cowboy crowd and still tell 'em as he sees 'em.

KARL MONROE

Collinsville, Ill.

JOHN FRASER: SAD COMMENTARY
Sins:

You are to be commended for your blunt and forthright opening of what might be a real scandal. Of course, the facts at this time are still rather vague. However, I feel that your article will do for basketball what previous articles on boxing did for boxing. . . . It is a pretty sad commentary on Missouri Valley Conference basketball when such a man as Fraser is a referee.

ROBERT S. GORPAINC

Los Angeles

SPIKE WEBB: UNDUE ALARM
Sins:

A statement of opinion attributed to Capt. T. S. King in the Spike Webb story (SI, Feb. 11 and 18) has had more to do with the demise of intercollegiate boxing than any single incident: "Boxing stands alone, in all recognized sports where the final objective is the incapacitation of an opponent. In other sports incapacity is a possibility, but it definitely is not the objective."

The ultimate aim and objective of boxing is the same as in any intercollegiate

continued

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report to what To say that the objective is to injure the other contestant seems hardly in line with the spirit of the individual participating. This seems a reflection on all coaches and participants in all contact sports where injuries occur.

The objectives of intercollegiate boxing are clearly stated in the preamble to the rules in the Official Intercollegiate Boxing Guide. Stated in part:

Boxing is a sport of participation in for the fun and satisfaction derived. Therefore many boys who have need of a direct method of dissipating their aggressions, and boxing provides that opportunity. Intercollegiate boxing as a sport has as its prime purpose the sustaining, uncracking and outmaneuvering of the opponent through the medium of well placed blows or hits; to win on points, to develop an opponent because of superior technical skill, ring strategy and physical condition. . . .

To verify my contention that the critics of boxing in education are biased and unduly alarmed, you are reminded that there is still a vigorous intramural boxing program at the Naval Academy.

RAY CHISHOLM
Secretary, NEBCA

Minneapolis

CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE (CONT.)

St.:

Some weeks ago EVENTS & DISCOVERIES reported the unusual, to say the least, feat of Francis Wharton, who shot a buck, fashioned himself a set of false dentures from the animal's teeth and thencewith ate the



MR. WHARTON'S BUCK TEETH

buck 183, Jan. 28). I thought readers might be interested in a look at Francis Wharton and his buck teeth (see above).

Mr. Wharton for many years lived in the woods of British Columbia like an Indian, tanning his own hides, making his own clothes and living with the animals. He is an inventor and mechanical reformer of great skill, which I think is shown not only by the homemade teeth hat by the unusual hand gun Mr. Wharton machined for himself.

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GERALD N. COUGHLAN

This picture of a man dwarfed by a fish is evidence of the extraordinary prowess of Jerry Coughlan, top man in the plug casting division of the Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament for the past eight years. As leading contender for the 1957 championship with this 137½-pound tarpon taken in 12 minutes on a 15-pound test line off Islamorada, Fla., Coughlan will possibly get his sixth Outstanding Angling Achievement Award. His phenomenal record shows that this is his 38th tarpon weighing more than 100 pounds taken on regulation tackle under Miami tournament rules—in a division in which only three other anglers have ever caught tarpon exceeding that weight.

Fishing and excelling in sports come naturally to Coughlan. Born in Youghal, County Cork, Eire, he fished the Blackwater, famed for its great salmon and trout, as a boy. He was a talented half-miler and in 1928 set an Irish record for the distance (1:56.6) that stood for 27 years—until broken by Ron Delany. In 1932 he accompanied the Irish track team to Los Angeles for the Olympic Games, and on a post-Games visit in the East met an East Orange, N.J. girl, fell in love and decided to settle in the U.S.

Nowadays, with Mrs. Coughlan and their three children, he makes his home in Caldwell, N.J. and is president of his own manufacturing firm. When time allows, he's off to Florida's great tarpon fishing grounds to meet the challenge of trying to better his record catch.

Burt G. Davidson



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